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DUMONT'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Sept. 1819.

NARRATIVE OF D. G. DUMONT, RELATING HIS CAPTIVITY OF THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE TERRITORY OF MOUNT FELIX, BETWEEN ORAN AND ALGIERS. §

HAVING thus given a specimen of the early part of our hero's adventures, and treatment, we shall not follow him so minutely through a variety of less interesting details relative to the manners and customs of the Arabs, more complete accounts of which being to be found in the narratives of Tully* and Pananti† much more at length. But in order that no material points of so singular a story may be withheld from our readers, they will be given in a more abridged form, when not thought sufficiently important to be related in the words of Dumont himself.

As the prison allowance was totally inadequate to satisfy the cravings of hunger, under such severe labour, the slaves were under the necessity of having recourse to every means within their reach to supply the deficiency. This was generally effected at noon, when the keepers went through a religious ceremony of ablution, or, when no water could be found, rubbing the body over with a stone. As nothing whatever could induce them either to omit this practice, or suspend it when once be-

gun, it was invariably the signal of foraging for the slaves, who instantly spread themselves around the spot, and seized every thing they could lay their hands on, whether in a garden or house, that did not happen to be carefully watched. The marauders generally paid rather dearly for this species of indulgence, for no sooner were they discovered by the pious keepers, than volleys of stones, kept in bags suspended from the saddles of the latter's horses, brought them back, for the purpose of receiving the usual salutations of the bamboo !

On one occasion Dumont was fortunate enough to steal a sheep; this enabled him to regale the two slaves who slept next to him in the prison for a whole week; to complete this good fortune, he sold the skin for an old copper kettle, which induced them to stew the bones, and make a very good soup. The only bad consequences attending this proof of Dumont's ingenuity, was a few hundred blows from one of the keepers.

It seems they suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst; to remedy the first, it was usual for each slave to cover his head with a wreath of leaves while his beard generally shielded his breast—that of Dumont reached to his middle. The intolerable sensations caused by thirst were assuaged by chewing some

§ See p. 74.

* Letters written during a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli. 4to. 2d edit. 1818.

† Narrative of a Residence in Algiers, by Signor Pananti, with Notes and Illustrations by Edw. Blaquier, esq. 4to. 1818.

straw, or keeping an olive stone in his mouth. Nothing, however, could exceed the misery occasioned by the prisoner's taking fire, while all the slaves were shut up in it ; though no lives were lost, nearly all the victims had their hair and beards burnt off ; and as the water intended for their use was employed to extinguish the flames ; they were left without a drop for several hours, in the midst of a suffocating heat, and suffering great pain from the effects of the fire. This horrible scene was terminated by a most liberal distribution of the bamboo, which the keepers applied to some for not foreseeing the accident, and to others because they would have gladly taken advantage of the general confusion to effect their escape !

The narrator remarked that the keepers were most harsh in their treatment of those who appeared to be endowed with a greater share of sensibility than the rest ; this he profited by, in making a point of assuming an air of cheerfulness, singing, &c. whenever the task-masters began their office of daily punishment, a proof of philosophy which generally saved him from half the quota. " This fellow," the keepers would exclaim, " is made of iron, it's therefore of no use to beat him ! "

The arrival of a prince, who came from Morocco for the purpose of collecting the annual tribute, indirectly led to a series of persecutions from Dumont's keeper, which not only embittered his situation very much, but eventually almost produced his death. Having contrived to excite the prince's commiseration in favour of his companions, the former gave him a hundred sequins, which he immediately distributed among them. As the keeper witnessed the receipt and distribution of this sum, it occurred to him that Dumont ought to have made him a participant : a neglect of which duty exposed him to the most cruel treatment imaginable. No longer able to endure the severity of his persecutor he formed the resolution of being revenged ; and accordingly, when next struck by the latter, he seized a large stone, and threw it with such force at the keeper's eye,

that it was forced from the socket. Upon this, and without giving the enemy time to breathe, the enraged Dumont flew upon him like a tiger, and remained fixed to his body, until the united blows heaped upon him by the whole posse of keepers obliged him to relax from his hold. This fracas was followed by his being taken before Osman, and confronted with the keeper : for if the chief keeper had been present when the scuffle ensued, instant death must have been the portion of Dumont. The result of this examination was, however, infinitely more favourable than our hero expected ; for he only received several hundred blows from two Arabs on the palm of his left hand, whereas the keeper was suspended from the nearest tree, " for having preferred money to the law of Mahomet ;" —such were the words of Osman on giving orders for his execution.

Owing to the blows received on his hand disabling Dumont from pursuing the ordinary labours of the field, he was appointed to turn a grindstone, a service in which he continued for a twelve-month, exposed to the insults of all the Mussulmans, who, knowing him to be the cause of getting a keeper put to death, did not fail to manifest their rage by frequent kicks, abuse, spitting in his face, &c.

The keepers are responsible for every slave committed to their charge ; so that if the head or chain of any one that may be missing is not brought back to the prison, their lives are surely forfeited. They are not treated with more ceremony than the slaves themselves on these occasions : the mode of executing a keeper is by making him kneel down between two Koubals, one of whom pierces his side with a lance ; this causes him to raise his head, upon which the other takes it off with a single blow of a Damascus. It sometimes happens that the blade comes in contact with a bone : in this case a sound is produced like that of a small bell.

Osman has two sons, both very fine looking young men, who sometimes visited the prison to show their dexterity in using the attaghan and scymetar.

Whenever the prince happened to meet the captives it was a day of feasting ; for he always ordered two or three oxen to be slaughtered for their use. Osman's love of justice and system of government is illustrated by the following anecdote : A farmer having lent one of his sons a sum of money on the latter's marrying, which was to be repaid at a fixed time, was unable to get his loan back as stipulated. Upon this he applied to the sheik for redress ; and, in reply, was told he might treat the creditor as he thought proper. Satisfied with this authority, the son was bound hand and foot, taken into a large open space, and immolated by his own father ! Six months after this atrocious deed, Osman sent for the monster who had committed it, and required an immediate tribute to a large amount : this was given with much difficulty, and then a second demanded ; till at length, when the sheik supposed the old man had no more to give, he ordered him to be hung.

One of the most laborious employments allotted to slaves, was that of carrying large sacks of wheat, for a distance of several miles from immense granaries —some of which are stated to be eighty feet deep, sometimes covering a whole field. It is added, that the corn keeps in them for ten or twelve years as fresh as if it had only been deposited a few months. When the stock increases to such a degree as to admit the sheik's selling a portion of it, the slaves are employed in emptying the granaries, and conveying the wheat to the summit of a neighbouring range of hills, beyond which mules are in readiness to receive it.

Whenever a slave was induced to embrace the Mahometan faith, his chain was removed, and he was allowed to take unto himself a wife : other advantages, also, occasionally await the apostate. But the example which was once made of a Fleming, who had thus abandoned the creed of his fathers, terrified his former companions to such a degree, that apostacy became much less in vogue. This unfortunate man having changed his religion, continued rigidly to observe all the rules of his new faith for above four years ; till at length, se-

duced by the example of some Jews, he was tempted, in an evil hour, to make rather too free with the brandy-bottle. Taken the very same day *in flagranti delicto*, he was conducted to the prison for the purpose of being impaled alive. The operation was performed by placing him on an iron spit, one end of which was fastened in a block of marble. The point having entered the loins, two executioners stood by, and at intervals pressed the body down two or three inches, until the spit came out on the opposite side and near his shoulder. The unhappy sufferer lived thirty-six hours in this horrible position, constantly beseeching the slaves to terminate his miseries ;—a proof of pity which would, according to the narrator, have been visited by a similar punishment on those who were guilty of it !

Some of Dumont's companions had been in slavery for above fifty years, and were totally insensible to the horrors of their situation ; looking forward to their turn for being shot and given to the beasts of prey, with equal indifference and the most settled composure !

Whenever a slave did not exert himself at the hour of foraging in his accustomed manner, it was a sure indication of his being tired of life : and, as predicted, either a halter or natural death soon came to his relief. But the Koubals never committed self-murder. When overtaken by melancholy, or weary of life, they merely go into the forests, and are soon saved the trouble of *afelo de se*, by the lions and tigers. This mode of shaking off the "mortal coil" is, also, frequently resorted to by the women who happen to be discarded from Osman's seraglio, owing to old age, and such a diminution of their personal charms as makes them an object of indifference to a less fastidious voluptuary.

Dumont had the good fortune to accompany the sheik in six of his predatory excursions towards the territories of Algiers, Tunis, Constantina, and Tripoli. This was a most delectable period for the slaves selected for such occasions, for, although they had great fa-

tigues to undergo, they had plenty of good things to eat and drink. Osman is represented to have pillaged every one who came in his way, from motives of pure devotion ! in order that he might be afterwards enabled to make the more acceptable offerings at Mecca ; his soldiery not wishing to show less pity in this way than their master, made common cause with him, and frequently cut off the ears of inoffensive women to get at the rings which hung from them !

The costume of the women of Mount Felix, consists of pantaloons and a white vest of fine linen thrown over the body, while thick veils, and coloured silk handkerchiefs form the head-dress. Fathers are allowed to sell their sons, and mothers their daughters, as in our own country, husbands can also sell their wives : but, in Africa, their sons enjoy the privilege of not only ransoming, but marrying them afterwards.

Although subject to violent storms of thunder, and heavy falls of rain during a part of the year, vegetation is represented as most abundant ; while poultry and sheep seem to be another great source of support to the population. The chief articles of trade are, oil, honey, wool, skins, wax, elephants' teeth, carpets, &c. ; these are exchanged for glass beads, watches, clocks, and other Euro-

pean commodities : the whole of their commerce is carried on by Jews, otherwise, it is probable that the productions would be suffered to perish, sooner than the Arabs could be persuaded to give it up to Christians.

Dumont thinks that every attempt to convert the people of those prolific and delightful regions into civilized habits by the arm of conquest, would be abortive ; and that the savage nature of the country, its mountains, want of communications, &c. present an insurmountable barrier to the progress of an invading army. In admitting the probable justice of his opinions on this subject, it does not militate against our approving or encouraging the suggestions of those who have laboured to prove that nothing less than European establishments, and those of a formidable description, on the coast of Northern Africa, will ever relieve Europe from the curse of seeing its sons consigned to the fate of the narrator, or lead to our drawing any permanent advantages from the richest country on the face of the earth !

Having arrived at that point of Dumont's narrative at which the prospect of emancipation dawns on him, we must reserve for our next Number his own unaffected account of those circumstances which led to it.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTERN.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine.

NO. II.

Galileo in the Inquisition.

GALILEO.

SO, you are come to close the shutters of my window before night-fall. Surely these bars are strong enough. I would fain have the consolation of viewing the heavens after it is dark. My sleep is unquiet and short, for want of exercise ; and when I lie awake, the roof of my prison presents nothing but a sable blank. Do not, I beseech you, conceal from me the blue vault, and those hosts of light, upon which I still love to gaze in spite of all my troubles.

MONK. You must not see the stars. It is the stars which have put you wrong.

Poor man ! to think the earth was turning round.

Galileo. Alas ! alas ! Is it for this that I have studied ?

Monk. Do you suppose, that if the earth had been turning all this while, the sea would not have drowned every living soul ? I put this to you, as a simple question, and level with the most ordinary capacity.

Galileo. My good friend, you know that I have recanted these things, and therefore it is needless for me to dispute farther upon the subject.

Monk. Your books were burnt at Rome, which, in my opinion, was an idle business. In a few years they

would have turned to smoke of their own accord. 'Tis the way with all new discoveries, for I am an old Christian, and have seen the fashion of the world before now.

Galileo. Do you suppose that glass windows were used in the time of Adam?

Monk. No; for the Scripture mentions no such thing. But what then?

Galileo. Why then, you must admit that time teaches things which were unknown before.

Monk. That is possible enough. But now things are different; for my head is gray, and I have no faith in new discoveries.

Galileo. We know not what time may bring about. Perhaps the earth may be weighed.

Monk. Go on—you shall receive no interruption from me. You perceive that I only smile gently and good-naturedly when you talk in this manner.

Galileo. What is the matter? what makes you look so wise?

Monk. Never mind. Go on.

Galileo. What is the meaning of this extraordinary look of tenderness and benignity, which you are attempting to throw into your features.

Monk. When I consider what is your real condition, it moves my pity. For my part, when the Cardinals made so much ado about your writings, I always thought they were trifling with their office.

Galileo. I wish you would convince them of that; for all I desire is, to have the privilege of looking through my telescopes, and to live quietly without doing harm to any man. I pray you, allow the window to remain open; for darkness is gathering, and Jupiter already blazes yonder through the twilight. So pure a sky!—and to be debarred from my optical contrivances.

Monk. Study the Scriptures, my son, with care and diligence, and you will have no need of optical contrivances.

Galileo. I am well acquainted with the Scriptures; but as I do not suppose they were meant to instruct mankind in astronomy, I think there is no sacrilege in attempting to discover more of the nature of the universe than what is revealed in them.

Monk. So you believe yourself capable of succeeding in the attempt?

Galileo. Perhaps I do.

Monk. Would not your time be better employed, my son, in perusing some rational book of devotion? Do not allow yourself to be led away by the idle suggestions of self-conceit. What is there to be seen about you, which should enable you to penetrate farther into the secrets of the universe than me or the rest of mankind? I do not ask this question with a view to wound your pride, but with a sincere wish for your good.

Galileo. Upon my word, you are too kind to me. Pray, father, is there any book of devotion which you would recommend in particular.

Monk. Recommend in particular!—There is a book which it would not become me to—but no—recommend in particular!—Hum—I know not.

Galileo. Something trembles at your tongue's end. Have you yourself written any book of devotion?

Monk. Far be it from me to speak of my own writings. Of all books of devotion, my own was the remotest from my thoughts. But since you desire to see it—

Galileo. What are the subjects treated of in it?

Monk. Life, death, and immortality. There is also a treatise upon the habitations of good men after death, and the delights to be found there.

Galileo. Your notions concerning these subjects must be in a great measure fanciful.

Monk. By no means. Good reasons are given for every tittle that is advanced.

Galileo. And where do you suppose the habitations of good men to be?

Monk. Why in heaven, to be sure.

Galileo. Is it not possible that their abode may be situated in some of the constellations? When gazing, as I was wont to do, at midnight, upon Arcturus, or the brilliant orbs of Orion, I have sometimes thought, that in the blue depths there might exist worlds suitable for the habitation of an immortal spirit.

Monk. My son, my son, beware of futile conjectures! You know not upon what ground you are treading.

Galileo. Does not the galaxy shed forth a glorious light? How gorgeous is its throng of constellations!—To me it seems like a procession of innumerable worlds, passing in review before their Creator.

Monk. If the galaxy moves, why may not the sun?

Galileo. My judgment is, that they

may both move, for aught I know, although at a very slow pace.

Monk. Now you speak sense. I knew I should bring you round; for, to say the truth (and I say it between you and me), if it had not been for my enemies, whom Heaven pardon, I should have been wearing a red hat before now. Good night: and I shall immediately bring the book, which will help to put your thoughts in a proper train again.

From the New Monthly Magazine, September 1819.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES,

COLLECTED BY THE LATE ABBÉ MORELLET.

THE abbé Morellet, who died at Paris, aged 92, at the beginning of this year, had acquired great reputation by his writings and by his connection with the most celebrated men of the 18th century. He had been also member of the French Academy ever since 1785. The present king restored him the pension which he had enjoyed under the reign of Louis XVI. The origin of this pension is remarkable. The Marquis of Lansdowne having signed, in 1783, the peace between England and France, asked, and obtained a pension for the Abbé Morellet; his lordship grounded his request on the circumstance that the French writer had, as he said, *liberalised* his ideas, that is to say, contributed to fix in his mind the principles which might more closely connect the two nations, for the happiness of both. Among the unpublished works of the Abbé Morellet, there is a collection of anecdotes and thoughts which he had gathered in society, or in the course of his reading. The following anecdotes are taken from his collection:—

Diderot, conversing with the Empress of Russia on the means of civilizing the Russians, said that property was one of the characteristics of civilization, and that it would be necessary to accustom to it the moustiks, (domestic slaves). “Ah!” said the Empress, “their soul is but a lodger; how could you require it to take care of the house?”

The Marshal de Beauveau relates, that some persons were conversing in his presence of the negligence shewn in military hospitals, in ascertaining whether the patient is really dead; so that it often happened that people were buried alive. An old lieutenant-colonel said, “General, I assure you this is a great exaggeration; I have seen these things close at hand, and I can answer for it, that the greater part of those who are buried, are certainly dead.”

A commander of Sillery lying at the point of death, heard two of his friends dispute on the merit of some wines; he raised his feeble voice, saying, “Gentlemen, I suspend my agonies, to tell you that Sillery wine is infinitely more delicate.”

Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, had it nearly in his power to re-enter the ministry, by making some advances to the king and to a party. I was at this time with him at Bowend. One morning at breakfast, his little child asked him for a cake. My lord desired him to say “if you please;” the child would not do so. His father gave him the cake, and looking at me, said, “Nor I neither; I will not say if you please.”

Franklin relates, that when he was a printer at Philadelphia, one of his people, an excellent workman, never came to work till Wednesday. “Francis,” said Franklin to him one day, “surely you do not think of the future? If you would work more diligently, you might

lay up something against old age." The workman answered, "I have made my calculation: I have an uncle, a druggist, in Cheapside, who has just set up in business with the resolution to work for twenty years, till he has saved 4000l. after which he intends to live like a gentleman. He thinks to make himself a wholesale gentleman; I will be one by retail; I had rather be so, and do nothing for half the week during twenty years, than be so the whole week twenty years hence."

Buonaparte when master of Madrid, at the end of 1808, demanded from all the corporations, communities, magistrates, &c. an oath of allegiance, upon the Holy Sacrament. A Spaniard conversing with Cardinal Maury on the subject, the Cardinal said to him, "Ah, he has taken you by your weak side, it will not be possible for you to retract!" "Oh!" replied the Spaniard in a half whisper, "the wafer was not consecrated."

Franklin being present at the meet-

ing of some literary society, where many pieces were read, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, but wishing to appear polite, resolved to applaud when he should see a lady of his acquaintance, Mad. de Boufflers, express satisfaction. After the reading was over, his little boy said to him, "but grandpapa, you always applauded, and louder than any body else, when they were praising you." The good man laughed, and explained the matter.

Theophile, a French poet, dedicated a book to James the First, king of England, hoping by these means to obtain an audience with that monarch. Being, however, disappointed in his expectations, he consoled himself with the following epigram:—

Si Jaques roi de grand savoir
N'a pas trouvé bon de me voir,
En voici la cause infailible;
C'est que ravi de mon écrit,
Il crût, que j'étois tout esprit,
Et par consequent invisible.

SAGACITY OF A SHEPHERD'S DOG.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,
IT is well known to all those conversant with the hill country that crowns the southern district of Scotland, that the sect now called Cameronians are thinly scattered among the population of the most upland glens, where many of them can to this day trace their descent from those who so heroically suffered and bled during the tyrannical reign of James Duke of York, as they still call him. Their pastors have their fixed stations, generally on the verge of the low country, but are in the habit of taking periodical journeys, in the summer season, among their scanty flocks, who have now become, to use the figurative language of the prophet, like the gleanings of the latter vintage, a cluster upon the upmost bough; a berry here and there upon the outermost branches. The preachers undertake these pilgri-

mages to look after the few sheep in the wilderness, for calling them together for public worship and instruction, or perhaps, once in three or four years, for the celebration of the sacrament. The time and place of meeting is communicated through fifteen or twenty miles of mountainous country, by one to another, in a way somewhat similar to the Highlanders carrying the fiery cross when a clan was to be raised, but without any thing of the form, and without the celerity.

At these times the preachers choose the most lonely and retired situations, but generally not far remote from the residence of some person of the sect in better circumstances, where the ministers, elders, and the most respectable members of the sect, many of them coming from twenty and thirty miles distance, are accustomed to meet after

the long protracted duties of the day. Some years ago, all the people in the neighbourhood were wont to be temporary hearers, but the remnant of this ancient sect were easily distinguished from the casual audience. Ranged closer to the tent, if there was one, or to the more elevated ground where the preacher stood, they appeared altogether withdrawn from earthly concerns, and absorbed in the most abstract and awful devotion. A group of old men might sometimes be seen sitting bare-headed, while the rest of the audience were covered, with the rain dripping from their thin grey locks, and quite insensible to the beating of the wind upon their bald foreheads, while they probably regretted the opportunity of manifesting their zeal, with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other.

But I begin to fear, that, while I only meant to attempt one simple story, I am insensibly drawn into the whirlpool of a subject connected with twenty others, from which it may not be so easy for me to extricate myself. I am myself no more a Cameronian than many an honest modern tory is a Jacobite; but there are feelings and associations, which no instruction or philosophy can get the better of, and, like some of these last, I may have a bias the cross way. A fright in childhood has often stuck to a firm-minded man as long as he lived, and perhaps the remote cause of all this leaning to the Cameronians on my part might be traced. In fact my great-great-grandfather (somebody remarks that it is a shame there is no English word for such a connexion) fell into the misfortune, although a very sensible man, of getting the whole stock of sheep upon his farm, in a remote part of the country, driven to the county town, and sold by public roup, because he could not keep his wife from attending a hill-preaching.—His son hailed the accession of the House of Brunswick as he himself had done the enterprise of the Prince of Orange; and my grandfather confounded the narrow circle of his acquaintances, as the celebrated Lord Chatham did the House of Peers, by strenuously arguing against the justice

of the American war.—But I believe I shall never get at my little story.

The Loch of St. Mary, among the mountains of Selkirkshire,—

“ Those hills whence classic Yarrow flows,”— is about three quarters of a mile across, at the broadest part, and presents to strangers the picture of a large river. It forms a bend around a lofty green hill to the south, and stretches away towards the south-west. Two mountain-streams, that have entered the lake nearly opposite to each other, have, in course of time, by their accumulated deposition of soil, divided it into two lakes, connected only by a small stream, falling with a gentle current from one into the other.

The upper lake is called the Loch of the Lowes, from a very ancient chapel so named, that was situated at the south-western extremity, and had been dedicated to St. Mary “ of the Lakes.” One of the farms is still called the Chapel-hope, from this circumstance, and the hills overhanging the western side of both the lakes belong to it for more than two miles. It was the small plain formed by one of the two rivulets mentioned, that had been chosen for the celebration of a Cameronian Sacrament about forty-five years ago.

This solitary spot is completely surrounded by steep green hills; and from the little plain where the people held their solemnity, the view of the upper lake is like looking up the choir of a roofless abbey; so steep and so close does the chain of successive mountains rise from the very shore. The sequestered loneliness of the place verifies the description of it in Marmion, to which we refer the reader.

In a scene so happily chosen by the scattered remnant of a venerable sect, the apparatus for the rites of religion was of the most simple kind. The preparation for the solemnity was merely two boards, supported by pillars of green sod, and covered with a cloth that might have vied with the driven snow; and then might be observed the profound awe of the people, and the solemn melody of the psalms, poured forth at intervals, as one small group after another

rose and entered to the Communion Table, slowly, and with seeming fear and reluctance.

The sun was now more than west, and this solemn part of the service was over ; but the day was to be concluded by old Stormheaven (as he was named) of Penpont, a celebrated and impressive preacher, who was appointed to deliver the afternoon sermon, when one of the shepherds of Chapel-hope, who had the charge of the flock of ewes, found himself under the necessity of collecting them from the mountain-pastures to the *bought*. Milking the cows or ewes is a duty of the pastoral life, that, for obvious reasons, no other avocation, however sacred, can supersede ; and it may be easily conceived, that the assembling of a large flock, from the most remote corners of a wild and extensive grazing, must be a work which requires great care and no small time. Yet, in the present case, the shepherd bethought himself how he might continue to reconcile the simultaneous discharge of his temporal and religious duties, and for this he was possessed of no common resources.

That the ewe-milkers and himself might make the most of the present opportunity of religious instruction, he determined to let it be later than usual before he called the females to the duties of the *bought* ; the evening was however drawing on, and he left the crowd as the minister who was to preach began the Psalm. Every one regretted that the necessity John Hoy was under of gathering his ewes should prevent him from hearing at least part of the expected discourse. As he went towards the road that led between the lochs, they followed him with their eyes to some distance, and thought his conduct somewhat unaccountable, when he stopt, and after remaining in the attitude of speaking to his dog, which was generally known as possessing great sagacity, he returned towards the meeting. The dog was observed to cross between the lochs, and ascend the hill on the opposite side ; and the last cadence of the psalm had sunk into silence as his master took possession of his former seat

N ATHENEUM VOL. 6.

upon the grass, and bestowed his serious attention on the sermon. His flock, in the meanwhile, was not without a guide. John Hoy was the first to observe his ewes appear in detached groups upon the brow of a high ridge that overhangs the lower lake for nearly a mile. The sinking sun had covered it with that bright radiance that is sometimes observed a few minutes before the whole is in shade ; and as the sheep continued to advance, their lengthened and moving shadows were thrown over the brow of the green hill, and were insensibly lost in the shade below. The dog was now seen behind the most distant stragglers ; and her place was easily observed as she came along the ridge, for her approach always made a gentle movement in the flock, like that which is made upon a still lake by a vagrant breeze of wind in a calm day. It was delightful to observe how they did not run from her as in terror : they knew her well, obeyed her signals without apprehension, and even seemed to gather in before her as with a kind of lightsome pleasure.*

An aged shepherd, who had been attending closely on the minister, and was struck with some bold simile, contrasting the present with other times, cast his eyes to the opposite hills, the scene of former suffering and persecution, when he suddenly started, and looked round the crowd for John Hoy. After a pause of surprise when he observed him still present, he turned to another grey-haired hearer, while an expression of awe was visible in his voice and manner. " See yonder, Robin, saw ye e'er the like of yon ? John Hoy's *Nimble* gathering the Chapel-hope ewes her lane, while he's sitting yonder. I'm nae wondering, on a night like this, that the dumb brute should be led to do the deeds of the carnal day. We have heard muckle anent thae hills, but now, we may say, we have seen mair then ever we heard of.—See till her, Robin, man ; she has

* It has been observed of all these sagacious sheep dogs, that the sheep are not at all frightened for them, but stand in awe of them merely, and obey them as soldiers do their favorite commanding officers.

brought the Lang Bank ewes forrit to the Ox-cleugh, and she's taking the brae again to gather the Brown Law." According to the old man's prediction, in about half an hour, the sheep on the distant part of the hill, rising from the margin of the Loch of the Lowes, were seen in their turn coming over the *Weather-gleam* as the others had done. But the sun was now very low, and the opposite hills were in deep and distinct shade, so that the sagacious conduct of the animal was better seen. She was observed to be unusually assiduous and diligent, as if she had been conscious that the time of her usual task was later than it ought to have been, and that her exertions were unsupported by her master. In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, and the eloquence of the preacher, a phenomenon so uncommon withdrew or divided the attention of the hearers. The eyes of the whole congregation were now observing Nimble, as she pleyed along the face of the hill, from one place to another to bring the loiterers forward with the rest. Yet she seemed careful not to drive the sheep too fast, for whenever they crowded upon one another or were hurried, she either drew off to a greater distance, or sat down for a few seconds behind them, till they composed themselves. Her motion resembled that of a fox slipping from cover, it was not apparently swift, yet speedily traversing much ground.

The *bought* (inclosure for milking the ewes) was upon the Oxcleugh-lee, exactly opposite the congregation. The dog was seen driving the sheep across the almost dry bed of the torrent. She allowed them to join with those she had before gathered, and then went round the whole, as they moved gently towards the place where they usually stood while waiting to be milked. She sat down at the foot of the hill above the flock, conscious of having completed the task of the evening, so far as possibly depended upon her own exertions, and waited the further orders of her master.

The sermon, fitted to make a strong impression upon those to whom it was chiefly addressed, and protracted to a great length, was now brought to a

close; but the superstitious awe of the old shepherd had spread through the whole assemblage, and minister and hearers remained for a few minutes in a deep pause, interrupted only by the gurgling of the adjoining brook, and the hoarse croaking of the raven that floated above them, on a level with the tops of the mountains.

—Silently

The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry, Which, far above them, at his highest flight Wheel'd round and round, a speck scarce visible, Was heard distinctly, and the mountain stream, Which from the distant glen sent forth its noise, Was audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice Of waters in the silence of the night.

John Hoy could wait no longer. He rose at the beginning of the Psalm, as he had done before, and six young women came from different parts of the crowd, where they had been sitting beside their respective relations, and followed him. In those times they were plainly dressed, though yet too well for their work, but they had left their every-day clothes and milking-pails at the bought.

The sun had now nearly set, but the summits of the eastern mountains still reflected his beams, while the yellow glory of the welkin streamed down the glens that fell into the lower lake from the north-west, at a mile and a half's distance from each other, and brightened the corners of the adjacent hills, while the lakes and the sky were a lovely blue.

The whole was a piece of that broad, deep, distinct, and splendid colouring, heightened by the vicinity of the objects, and the awful quietude of the scene, the morning and evening alternation of which, probably forms the peculiar charm that for ever after sways the feeling of the natives of a hilly country, which they sigh after, and look for in vain, when removed to the variety and richness of a more fertile district. The assembly of mountaineers had broke up, and various groups were seen ascending the foot-paths that winded over the mountains, or along the different sides of the lakes.

They retired to their homes, talking

as they went of the themes which their preacher had so ably enforced, yet often diverging from the subject to moralise on the wisdom of the dumb animal, whose attention and sagacity had been a full substitute for the labours of her master, and had enabled him to give the whole of the sacred day to his religious

duties. The incident is still told by the aged shepherd to his family, and seldom without the pious moral, that the Supreme Being can provide, by the most unlikely means, for those who sacrifice their temporal interests to the discharge of their religious duties. M.

January 5.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FASHIONABLE GLOSSARY.

MR. EDITOR.

THE meaning of many words in common use having undergone a material change within the last thirty years, the following fashionable glossary may be found useful :—

AGE—An infirmity nobody owns.

AT HOME.—The domestic amusement of three hundred visitors in a small room to yawn at each other.

BORE—Every thing one dislikes ; it also means any person who talks of religion.

BUYING—Ordering goods without purpose of paying.

CONSCIENCE—Something to swear by.

COMMON SENSE—A vulgar quality.

COACHMAN—A gentleman or accomplished nobleman.

CHARIOT—A vehicle for one's servants, the dickey being the seat for the ladies, and the coach-box for the gentlemen.

CHARITY—A golden ticket to Catalini or any other favourite performer.

DEBT—A necessary evil.

DUTY—Doing as other people do.

DRESS—Half naked.

DECENCY—Keeping up an appearance.

DAY—Night ; or, strictly speaking, from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M.

ECONOMY—Obsolete.

FORTUNE—The *Summum bonum*.

FASHION—The *Je ne sais quoi* of excellence.

FRIEND—Meaning not known.

HUSBAND—A person to pay your debts.

HOME—Every one's house but your own.

HOSPITALITY—Obsolete.

HONOUR—Standing fire well.

HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED—Reading music at sight, painting flowers for the border of a screen, and a talent for guessing charades.

LOVE—The meaning not known, now that the ossification of the heart has become a fashionable disease ; but the word is still to be found in novels and romances.

MATRIMONY—A bargain.

MORALITY—A troublesome interruption to pleasure.

MUSIC—Execution.

MODEST—Sheepish.

MORNING—From noon to sunset.

NONSENSE—Polite conversation.

NEW—Delightful.

NOT AT HOME—Sitting in your own drawing room.

PRUDENCE—Parsimony.

PAY—Only applied to visits.

PRODIGALITY—Generosity.

PIETY—Hypocrisy.

QUIZ—Any inoffensive person out of your own circle.

RELIGION—Occupying a seat in some genteel chapel.

SPIRIT—Contempt of decorum and morality.

STYLE—Splendid extravagance.

TIME—Only regarded in music.

TRUTH—Meaning uncertain.

VICE—Any fault in horses and servants.

WICKED—Irresistibly agreeable.

WORLD—The circle of fashionable people when in town.

April 12, 1819.

DON JUAN AND LORD BYRON.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine.

IT has not been without much reflection and overcoming many reluctances, that we have at last resolved to say a few words more to our readers concerning this very extraordinary poem. The nature and causes of our difficulties will be easily understood by those of them who have read any part of *Don Juan*—but we despair of standing justified as to the conclusion at which we have arrived, in the opinion of any but those who have read and understood the whole of a work, in the composition of which there is unquestionably a more thorough and intense infusion of genius and vice—power and profligacy—than in any poem which had ever before been written in the English, or indeed in any other modern language. Had the wickedness been inextricably mingled with the beauty and the grace, and the strength of a most inimitable and incomprehensible muse, our task would have been easy: But SILENCE would be a very poor and a very useless chastisement to be inflicted by us, or by any one, on a production, whose corruptions have been so effectually embalmed—which, in spite of all that critics can do or refrain from doing, nothing can possibly prevent from taking a high place in the literature of our country, and remaining to all ages a perpetual monument of the exalted intellect, and the depraved heart, of one of the most remarkable men to whom that country has had the honour and the disgrace of giving birth.

That Lord Byron has never written any thing more decisively and triumphantly expressive of the greatness of his genius, will be allowed by all who have read this poem. That (laying all its manifold and grievous offences for a moment out of our view) it is by far the most admirable specimen of the mixture of ease, strength, gaiety, and seriousness extant in the whole body of English poetry, is a proposition to

which, we are almost as well persuaded, very few of them will refuse their assent. With sorrow and humiliation do we speak it—the poet has devoted his powers to the worst of purposes and passions: and it increases his guilt and our sorrow, that he has devoted them entire. What the immediate effect of the poem may be on contemporary literature, we cannot pretend to guess—too happy could we hope that its lessons of boldness and vigour in language, and versification, and conception, might be attended to, as they deserve to be—without any stain being suffered to fall on the purity of those who minister to the general shape and culture of the public mind, from the mischievous insults against all good principle and all good feeling, which have been unworthily embodied in so many elements of fascination.

The moral strain of the whole poem is pitched in the lowest key—and if the genius of the author lifts him now and then out of his pollution, it seems as if he regretted the elevation, and made all haste to descend again. To particularize the offences committed in its pages would be worse than vain—because the great genius of the man seems to have been throughout exerted to its utmost strength, in devising every possible method of pouring scorn upon every element of good or noble nature in the hearts of his readers. Love—honour—patriotism—religion, are mentioned only to be scoffed at and derided, as if their sole resting-place were, or ought to be, in the bosoms of fools. It appears, in short, as if this miserable man, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification—having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs, were resolved to shew us that he is no longer a human being, even in his frailties;—but a cool unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed—

treating well nigh with equal derision the most pure of virtues, and the most odious of vices—dead alike to the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other—a mere heartless despiser of that frail but noble humanity, whose type was never exhibited in a shape of more deplorable degradation than in his own contemptuously distinct delineation of himself. To confess in secret to his Maker, and weep over in secret agonies the wildest and most phantastic transgressions of heart and mind, is the part of a conscious sinner, in whom sin has not become the sole principle of life and action—of a soul for which there is yet hope. But to lay bare to the eye of man and of *woman* all the hidden convulsions of a wicked spirit—thoughts too abominable, we would hope, to have been imagined by any but him that has expressed them—and to do all this without one symptom of pain, contrition, remorse, or hesitation, with a calm careless ferociousness of contented and satisfied depravity—this was an insult which no wicked man of genius had ever before dared to put upon his Creator or his Species. This highest of all possible exhibitions of self-abandonment has been set forth in mirth and gladness, by one whose name was once pronounced with pride and veneration by every English voice. This atrocious consummation was reserved for Byron.

It has long been sufficiently manifest, that this man is devoid of religion. At times, indeed, the power and presence of the Deity, as speaking in the sterner workings of the elements, seems to force some momentary consciousness of their existence into his labouring breast;—a spirit in which there breathes so much of the divine, cannot always resist the majesty of its Maker. But of true religion terror is a small part—and of all religion, that founded on mere terror, is the least worthy of such a man as Byron. We may look in vain through all his works for the slightest evidence that his soul had ever listened to the gentle voice of the oracles. His understanding has been subdued into conviction by some passing cloud; but his heart has never

been touched. He has never written one line that savours of the spirit of meekness. His faith is but for a moment—“he believes and trembles,” and relapses again into his gloom of unbelief—a gloom in which he is at least as devoid of HOPE and CHARITY as he is of FAITH. The same proud hardness of heart which makes the author of *Don Juan* a despiser of the Faith for which his fathers bled, has rendered him a scorner of the better part of woman; and therefore it is that his love poetry is a continual insult to the beauty that inspires it. The earthy part of the passion is all that has found a resting place within his breast—His idol is all of clay—and he dashes her to pieces almost in the moment of his worship. Impiously railing against his God—madly and meanly disloyal to his Sovereign and his country,—and brutally outraging all the best feelings of female honour, affection, and confidence—How small a part of chivalry is that which remains to the descendant of the Byrons—a gloomy vizor, and a deadly weapon!

Of these offences, however, or of such as these, Lord Byron had been guilty abundantly before, and for such he has before been rebuked in our own, and in other more authoritative pages. There are more and newer sins with which the author of *Don Juan* has stained himself—sins of a class, if possible, even more despicable than any he had before committed; and in regard to which it is matter of regret to us, that as yet our periodical critics have not appeared to express themselves with any seemly measure of manly and candid indignation.

Those who are acquainted, (as who is not?) with the main incidents in the private life of Lord Byron;—and who have not seen this production, will scarcely believe, that the odious malignity of this man’s bosom should have carried him so far, as to make him commence a filthy and impious poem, with an elaborate satire on the character and manners of his wife—from whom, even by his own confession, he has been separated only in consequence of his

own cruel and heartless misconduct. It is in vain for Lord Byron to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and, now that he has so openly and audaciously invited inquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the general voice of his countrymen. It would not be an easy matter to persuade any Man who has any knowledge of the nature of Woman, that a female such as Lord Byron has himself described his wife to be, would rashly, or hastily, or lightly separate herself, from the love which she had once been inspired for such a man as he is, or was. Had he not heaped insult upon insult, and scorn upon scorn—had he not forced the iron of his contempt into her very soul—there is no woman of delicacy and virtue, as he *admitted* Lady Byron to be, who would not have hoped all things and suffered all things from one, her love of whom must have been inwoven with so many exalting elements of delicious pride, and more delicious humility. To offend the love of such a woman was wrong—but it might be forgiven; to desert her was unmanly—but he might have returned and wiped for ever from her eyes the tears of her desertion;—but to injure, and to desert, and then to turn back and wound her widowed privacy with unhallowed strains of cold-blooded mockery—was brutally, fiendishly, inexpiably mean. For impurities there might be some possibility of pardon, were they supposed to spring only from the reckless buoyancy of young blood and fiery passions,—for impiety there might at least be pity, were it visible that the misery of the impious soul were as great as its darkness;—but for offences such as this, which cannot proceed either from the madness of sudden impulse, or the bewildered agonies of self-perplexing and self-despairing doubt—but which speak the wilful and determined spite of an unrepenting, unsoftened, smiling, sarcastic, joyous sinner—for such diabolical, such slavish vice, there can be neither pity nor pardon. Our knowledge that it is committed by one of the most powerful intellects our

island ever has produced, lends intensity a thousand fold to the bitterness of our indignation. Every high thought that was ever kindled in our breasts by the muse of Byron—every pure and lofty feeling that ever responded from within us to the sweep of his majestic inspirations—every remembered moment of admiration and enthusiasm is up in arms against him. We look back with a mixture of wrath and scorn to the delight with which we suffered ourselves to be filled by one who, all the while he was furnishing us with delight, must, we cannot doubt it, have been mocking us with a cruel mockery—less cruel only, because less peculiar, than that with which he has now turned him from the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile, to pour the pitiful chalice of his contumely on the surrendered devotion of a virgin-bosom, and the holy hopes of the mother of his child. The consciousness of the insulting deceit which has been practised upon us, mingles with the nobler pain arising from the contemplation of perverted and degraded genius—to make us wish that no such being as Byron ever had existed. It is indeed a sad and a humiliating thing to know, that in the same year there proceeded from the same pen two productions, in all things so different, as the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold and this loathsome Don Juan.

Lady Byron, however, has one consolation still remaining, and yet we fear she will think it but a poor one. She shares the scornful satire of her husband, not only with all that is good, and pure, and high, in human nature,—its principles and its feelings; but with every individual also, in whose character the predominance of these blessed elements has been sufficient to excite the envy, or exacerbate the despair of this guilty man. We shall not needlessly widen the wound by detailing its cruelty; we have mentioned one, and, all will admit, the worst instance of the private malignity which has been embodied in so many passages of Don Juan; and we are quite sure, the lofty-minded and virtuous men whom Lord Byron has debased himself by insulting, will close the volume that

contains their own injuries, with no feelings save those of pity for him that has inflicted them, and for her who partakes so largely in the same injuries; and whose hard destiny has deprived her for ever of that proud and pure privilege, which enables themselves to despise them. As to the rest of the world, we know not that Lord Byron could have invented any more certain means of bringing down contempt inexpiable on his own head, than by turning the weapons of his spleen against men whose virtues few indeed can equal, but still fewer are so lost and unworthy as not to love and admire.

The mode in which we have now expressed ourselves, might be a sufficient apology for making no extracts from this poem itself. But our indignation, in regard to the morality of the poem, has not blinded us to its manifold beauties; and we are the more willing to quote a few of the passages which can be read without a blush, because the comparative rarity of such passages will, in all probability, operate to the complete exclusion of the work itself, from the libraries of the greater part of our readers. As it is out of the question for us to think of analyzing the story, we must quote at the hazard of some of our quotations being very imperfectly understood.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke, Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe, Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk. And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now; Each in their turn like Banquo's monarch stalk, Followers of fame, "nine farrow" of that sow: France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier, Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau, Petion, Cloots, Danton, Marat, La Fayette, Were French, and famous people, as we know; And there were others, scarce forgotten yet, Joubert, Hoche, Mareeau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau, With many of the military set, Exceedingly remarkable at times, But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war, And still should be so, but the tide is turned; There's no more to be said of Trafalgar. 'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd; Because the army's grown more popular, At which the naval people are concern'd: Besides the Prince is all for the land-service, Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

* * * * *

Young Juan now sixteen years of age, Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit he seem'd, Active, though not so sprightly as a page: And every body but his mother deem'd Him almost man; but she flew in a rage, And bit her lips (for else she might have scream'd) If any said so, for to be precocious Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all Selected for discretion and devotion, There was the Donna Julia, whom to call Pretty were but to give a feeble notion Of many charms in her as natural As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean, Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid, (But this last simile is trite and stupid.)

The darkness of her oriental eye Accorded with her Moorish origin; (Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by: In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin) When proud Grenada fell, and, forced to fly, Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain, Her great great grandmamma chose to remain. She married (I forgot the pedigree) With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down His blood less noble than such blood should be; At such alliances his sires would frown, In that point so precise in each degree That they bred *in and in*, as might be shown, Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts and nieces, Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

This heathenish cross restored the breed again, Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh; For, from a root the ugliest in Old Spain Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh; The sons no more were short, the daughters plain: But there's a rumour which I fain would hush, 'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma Produced her Don more heirs at love than law.

However this might be, the race went on Improving still through every generation, Until it center'd in an only son, Who left an only daughter; my narration May have suggested that this single one Could be but Julia (whom on this occasion I shall have much to speak about), and she Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes) Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire, And love than either; and there would arise A something in them which was not desire, But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul Which struggled thro' and chasten'd down the whole.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth; Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow, Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth, Mounting at times to a transparent glow, As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth, Possess'd an air and grace by no means common: Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

* * * * *

And if she met' him, though she smiled no more,
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store
She must not own, but cherish'd more the while,
For that compression in its burning core ;
Even innocence itself has many a wile,
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth

But passion most dissembles, most betrays
Even by its darkness ; as the blackest sky
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays
Its workings through the vainly guarded eye,
And in whatever aspect it arrays
Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy ;
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left.

Speaking of moonlight, he says :

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control ;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.

* * * * *

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep ;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grape,
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait—too—too long
already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife : 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend ;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels :
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world ; and the dear school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all
known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus fitch'd for us from Heaven.

The conclusion of the history of this
passion is, that Don Juan is detected in
the lady's chamber at midnight by her
husband. Thinking her lover effect-
ually concealed, Donna Julia rates
her Lord in a style of volubility in
which, it must be granted, there is
abundance of the true *vis comica*.—
The detection which follows almost
immediately after the conclusion of the
speech, gives much additional absurdity
to the amazing confidence of the lady.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue
Was not asleep—'Yes, search and search,' she
cried,
'Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong !
It was for this that I became a bride !
For this in silence I have suffer'd long
A husband like Alfonso at my side ;
But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

'Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is't worthy of your years ?—you have threescore,
Fifty or sixty—it is all the same—
Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso,
How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

'Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex ?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deaf, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !

'Was it for this that no Cortego ere
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville ?
Is it for this I scarce went any where,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel ?
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
I favour'd none—nay, was almost uncivil ?
Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely ?

' Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
 Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
 Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
 Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
 Were there not also Russians, English, many?
 The Count Strongstroganoff I put in pain,
 And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish peer,
 Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

' Have I not had two bishops at my feet?
 The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
 And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?
 I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:
 I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
 Me also, since the time so opportune is—
 Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd
 trigger,
 Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure?

' Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
 Under pretence of business indispensable
 With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
 Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
 Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he
 Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
 Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
 And not from any love to you nor me.

' If he comes here to take a deposition,
 By all means let the gentleman proceed;
 You've made the apartment in a fit condition:—
 There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—
 Let every thing be noted with precision,
 I would not you for nothing should be feed—
 But, as my maid's unrest, pray turn your spies out.
 ' Oh! sobb'd Antonia, ' I could tear their eyes out.'

' There is the closet, there the toilet, there
 The anti-chamber—search them under, over;
 There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,
 The chimney—which would really hold a lover.
 I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care
 And make no further noise, till you discover
 The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—
 And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure.

' And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown
 Doubt upon me, confusion over all,
 Pray have the courtesy to make it known
 Who is the man you search for? how d'ye call
 Him? what's his lineage? let him but be shown—
 I hope he's young and handsome—is he tall?
 Tell me—and be assured, that since you stain
 My honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

' At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,
 At that age he would be too old for slaughter,
 Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—
 (Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)
 I am ashamed of having shed these tears,
 They are unworthy of my father's daughter;
 My mother dream'd not in my natal hour
 That I should fall into a monster's power.

' Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,
 You saw that she was sleeping by my side
 When you broke in upon us with your fellows:
 Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide;
 Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,
 Or for the sake of decency abide
 A moment at the door, that we may be
 Drest to receive so much good company.

' And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;
 The little I have said may serve to show
 The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er
 The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:
 I leave you to your conscience as before,
 'Twill one day ask you why you used me so?
 God grant you feel not then the bitterest grief!
 Antonia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow! pale
 She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,
 Like skies that rain and lighten: as a veil,
 Waved and o'er shading her wan cheek, appears
 Her streaming hair; the black curls strive, but fail,
 To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears
 Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie apart,
 And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

In consequence of this intrigue, Don Juan is sent on his travels; and the lady, who is shut up in a convent, takes leave of him in a beautiful letter, of which this is a part.

' Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these can not estrange;
 Men have all these resources, we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

' You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
 Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
 For me on earth, except some years to hide
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core;
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
 The passion which still rages as before,
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
 That word is idle now—but let it go.

' My breast has been all weakness, is so yet:
 But still I think I can collect my mind;
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
 As roll the waves before the settled wind;
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
 To all, except one image, madly blind;
 So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

' I have no more to say, but linger still,
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil,
 My misery can scarce be more complete:
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would
 meet,
 And I must fain survive this last adieu,
 And bear with life to love and pray for you!

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper
 With a neat little-crow-quill, slight and new;
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
 The seal a sunflower; ' Elle vous suis partout,'
 The motto cut upon a white cornelian;
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion.

Perhaps there are not a few women who may profit from seeing in what a style of contemptuous coldness the sufferings to which licentious love exposes them are talked of by such people as the author of *Don Juan*. The many fine eyes that have wept dangerous tears over his descriptions of the Galinares and Medoras cannot be the worse for seeing the true side of his picture.

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing :
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

They are right : for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women : one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust ;
Taught to conceal their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond ?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station ;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel :
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

The amour with this Spanish lady is succeeded by a shipwreck, in which Juan alone escapes. He is dashed on the shore of the Cyclades, where he is found by a beautiful and innocent girl, the daughter of an old Greek pirate,—with whom, as might be supposed, the same game of guilt and abandonment is played over again. There is, however, a very superior kind of poetry in the conception of this amour—the desolate isle—the utter loneliness of the maiden, who is as ignorant as she is innocent—the helpless condition of the youth—every thing conspires to render it a true romance. How easy for Lord Byron to have kept it free from any stain of pollution ! What cruel barbarity, in creating so much of beauty only to mar and ruin it ! This is really the very suicide of genius.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs ; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead ; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm ;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of a brow less grave,
And more robust of figure—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel ; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downeast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew :
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And huris at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun :
Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such : for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary.
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal.)

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause :
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done and yet she was
A frequent model ; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrinkling law,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave :
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave ;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case :
Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun ;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone ;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand ; but what was shocking :
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition ;
And mother, brother, guardian she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

* * * * *

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest ; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright ;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whenee the broad moon rose circling into sight ;
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss :

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above :
Such kisses as belong to early days.

* * * * *

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness :
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

* * * * *

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this :
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
Shows triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters ; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen : what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing—she had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat here.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted ;
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,

By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed :
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

But the best and the worst part of the whole is without doubt the description of the shipwreck. As a piece of terrible painting, it is as much superior as can be to every description of the kind—not even excepting that in the *Aeneid*—that was ever created. In comparison with the fearful and intense reality of its horrors, every thing that any former poet had thrown together to depict the agonies of that awful scene, appears chill and tame.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid—and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave :
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave—
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder. And then all was hushed
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling ery
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

But even here the demon of his depravity does not desert him. We dare not stain our pages with quoting any specimens of the disgusting merriment with which he has interpersed his picture of human suffering. He paints it well only to shew that he scorns it the more effectually ; and of all the fearful sounds which ring in the ears of the dying, the most horrible is the demoniacal laugh with which this unpitying brother exults over the contemplation of their despair. Will our readers believe that the most innocent of all his odious sarcasms is contained in these two lines ?

They grieved for those that perished in the cutter,
And also for the biscuit, casks, and butter.

THE CABINET.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Sept. 1819.

WAR BETWEEN K AND Q.

THE celebrated Peter Ramus was one of the most able restorers of learning in the sixteenth century; but he had to encounter greater difficulties in his endeavours to correct the pronunciation of Latin and Greek which prevailed in the University of Paris, where he was for many years both professor of philosophy and of eloquence. On attaining the latter chair, in the Royal College, he laboured with new ardour in the cause of literary reformation; and the first abuse attacked by him was the Gothic pronunciation of K for Q in Latin words—as *kis* for *quis*, *kiskis* for *quisquis*, and *kankam* for *quoniam*. Ramus demonstrated in his lectures the absurdity of this pronunciation, and he taught his pupils the proper sound of letters. Some other professors adopted his plan, and followed his example; so that *kankam* and *kiskis* were nearly expelled from all the schools; when the doctors of the Sorbonne, who had not been consulted, took the alarm; and having assembled in grave consultation, they determined that K was orthodox, and Q heretical; and at the same time decreed, that whoever dared to pronounce *quoniam* should incur ecclesiastical censure. A young divine, however, in despite of this judgment, ventured, in a public thesis, to pronounce both *quisquis* and *quoniam*, for which he was deprived of his benefice. An appeal to Parliament followed; and the doctors for *kankam* appeared in formidable array against the innovators, at the head of whom stood the learned Ramus, who turned his adversaries into such ridicule, that the priest was restored to his living, and the claims of K and Q were left to be decided by the grammarians.

PATHOS.

The difference of the sensations excited by a *public* calamity, from those which a *private* misfortune will occasion,

is beautifully touched by Henry Fielding, when he paints Sophia Western although an excellent patriot, relieved from the horrors which she had felt at the apprehension of her angry father's presence, by hearing that it is not he that is come, but only *an account* that 'several hundred thousand French are landed, and that we shall be all murdered and ravished.'*

A periodical writer, cotemporary with Fielding, treats the same subject with great success. He introduces an officer, describing to a large circle the battle of Fontenoy. He recounts the gallantry of that immortal British column which forced its passage through the centre of the enemy, until mowed down by the fire of a fatal masqued battery. The company listen with attention and applause, but they hear the fall of thousands without a tear. The narrator proceeds to paint the distress of a young lady, an officer's wife, who had waited in agonies, at a neighbouring village, for her husband's return from the field. Disappointed of this hope, she rushed to the spot, where numbers of the wretches who accompany an army for the sake of plunder, had already levelled all distinctions, by indiscriminately stripping the dead and wounded of all ranks. Amid this horrid scene,† she was guided by a spaniel, that accompanied her, to the bleeding body of her husband. She recognized his ghastly features, cast herself upon him in an unutterable transport of despair, and rose again only to madness and death. This simple tale, recording the fate of two persons only, roused those passions which the slaughter of myriads could not move; and the party made amends,

* Mrs. Honour's speech in *Tom Jones*.

† Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourned;
Of comfort glad the drear caress,
The damp, chill, dying hand returned.

PENROSE.

by floods of tears, for their former, almost criminal, indifference.

Among the scenes, some tragic, some romantic, interspersed through Fingal, Temora, &c. no one story perhaps is to be found as an episode which appears in the same collection among the Songs of Selma. Daura, the daughter of Armin, has been treacherously conveyed to a rock, insulated by the sea, where she can by no means be relieved, the only boat which the coast afforded having just been lost with her brother in it, who had hastily, without an oar, darted from the beach to assist her. And thus her father describes her fate and his own wretchedness.

‘Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries, nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind, and the rain beat hard on the side of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left her father alone. When the storms of the mountain come, when the north lifts the waves on high. I sit by the sounding shore, and look at the fatal rock. Often by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference. Will none of you speak in pity? —They do not regard their father.’

The parent who can read this without being affected, must be either more, or less, than a being of common sensations.

And here may be introduced, with some propriety, a Cornish tale of naval woe, which can be attested by scores of living witnesses, as it happened within the last twenty years. Gunwal Downs, which form the eastern side of Mount’s Bay, stretching out towards the Lizard Point, lie on the top of a very high, steep, and long extended cliff, which, during a great part of the year, is incessantly beaten by a tremendous surge driven from the Bay of Biscay by an almost

constant west wind. During a space of many miles, there is no inlet to the land, but the face of the cliff is occupied, towards the top, by sea-birds; and the bottom, where there are many caverns, is usually the resort of seals. One stormy winter’s night, signals of distress were observed, and a large ship, which had been driven under the cliffs, was known to be lost. Such an incident on that coast was by no means unusual; but in the morning the people assembled on the Downs, to look if any remains of the vessel were floating on the waves, were shocked by hearing loud and united groans from persons below the cliff: they knew that these must come from some cave, to which the shipwrecked people had found means to attain; for the tide left no beach; and they knew too the impossibility of helping them, as no boat could venture in such weather under such a cliff. The cries, however, continuing, they tried, by letting down baskets with ropes in different places, to afford some relief, but in vain; for the overhanging cliff prevented the sufferers from reaching what was meant for their relief. In short, during three days the same mournful noise was heard; it grew then weaker by degrees, till hunger and fatigue, probably, closed the wretched scene. Many of the seal-holes were afterwards searched for these hapless mariners, but in vain. The surf had probably washed away their remains.

JEU D’ESPRIT.

A pamphlet entitled an *Eloge of Cain*, is among the forthcoming productions of the French Press. The title, it must be acknowledged, is calculated to excite interest, particularly as the work is understood to be dedicated to the regicides of France. Those who have seen the MS. declare that it contains a vast deal of learning and research. The author has deviated in some respects from the Book of Genesis; but he quotes the authority of rabbinical compilations of high antiquity. By a curious string of reasoning he attempts to prove that the *banishment* of Cain, after his fratricide, was contrary to every prin-

ple of justice. In the opinion of this bold panegyrist, all the blame must be attached to Abel, who, by *mad resistance*, and obstinate attachment to the *prejudices of the age*, stirred up the fury of his brother, whom the author regards as the real founder of *liberalism*. (From the *Quotidienne*, an Ultra-Royalist Journal.)

PRIDE.

Few people have had a higher idea of their own importance than Clothaire, the son of Clovis, King of France. He had burnt his own son and his family alive, and the remorse from this harsh method of shewing his resentment brought him to his grave. When his end approached, he observed to his attendants, that "God Almighty must be *very powerful* to be able to destroy such a puissant monarch as himself." Some ages after, there died in England

a Duchess of Buckingham, who having been informed by her chaplain, when on her death bed, that in Heaven there were no particular allotments for *Peers* and *Peeresses*, said, "Well, well, put me in the right way to get thither, but I fancy it must be a *strange place*." These seem to have had kindred souls.

The deepest knowledge will not always command respect, without some attention to personal appearance. Hermon Buschius, a celebrated teacher of languages in the sixteenth century, was bitterly irritated at finding that the very persons who had neglected to salute him when shabbily apparelled, paid him every possible respect when he had good clothes on. "Go," said he, tearing his garments from his back, "wretched rags! Must I owe to *you*, and not to my learning and character, the civilities which I receive?"

From the Literary Gazette, Sept. 1819.

ERNESTUS BERCHTOLD ;
OR, THE MODERN OEDIPUS : A TALE.

BY J. W. POLIDORI.

THIS is another of the semi-sentimental semi-supernatural productions to which we are now so prone,—the prose Byroniads which infect the times. The style is good, and the story as horrible as the greatest lovers of raw-head and bloody-bones can desire. It relates to a double incest, which is indeed so readily foreseen in the earlier pages, that the second part of the title might have been spared, and into the author's mouth the words of Terence be put, "*Davus sum non Oedipus.*"

An introduction states Berchtold to be one (and we are happy to believe the last) of the three tales engendered by a travelling junta of our country-folks, who agreed to write each a story founded on some superstition. Frankenstein by Godwin's daughter, Shelley's wife, was the first; the Vampyre, of which we have a poor piece at the end of *Mazeppa*, and a surreptitious whole by Dr. Polidori, instead of its planner Lord Byron, in a separate form, the second; and this novel the third. Fran-

kenstein described the adventures of a man who had succeeded in creating another human being: the Vampyre those of a mysterious monster which sustains a posthumated life by sucking the blood of virgins:—and Berchtold unfolds the wretched fate of one possessing the power of immeasurable wealth, at the cost, however, of a heavy calamity every time he invokes the aid of the spirit which assists him. The Vampyre forgery is not very clearly or satisfactorily accounted for. Dr. P. seems, in the vulgar phrase, to have done the trick; or else he has been egregiously tricked himself; but we presume that all the parties made money by that transaction, and have no reason to complain even if the noble Poet takes leave to damn them to everlasting fame for their pains. They will deserve their niche much better than the British Review, which has indignantly repelled his Lordship's cruel and unjust insinuation of its being influenced by bribery. This it utterly denies;

and we must say, that such calumnies, if unfounded, are too unprincipled and infamous to pass for jests. Character is all that review or man has of value, and he that robs either of that commodity by falsehood, is a robber of the basest kind. We deem it right to observe this much, because, being struck with the fact in *Don Juan*, and never questioning that it had truth for its basis, we admitted the charge against the *British Review* into our columns ; and it is but candour to a contemporary, to give place to its utter contradiction. We now turn to the novel before us.

" At the small village of Beatenberg, a wounded old man, and a young woman arrived in a carriage, and were hospitably nursed by its worthy pastor Berchtold. The gentleman however died ; and the lady soon followed him to the grave, having first been delivered of twins, a boy and a girl. During the confusion the only servant with this unfortunate pair absconded with their property, so that the infant orphans were left without a name or trace of parentage.

" Berchtold the pastor, adopted them as his own ; baptized them Ernestus and Julia ; and proved a father to them, till they reached the estate of man and woman. Young Ernestus and his sister were strangely tinctured with superstition in consequence of hearing the fables of the pastor's sister : they have visions of their mother in the most romantic style, and when the former encounters a lovely Italian girl with her father on one of his Chamois-hunting excursions, he falls desperately in love with her, though doubtful whether she is of mortal mould or a spirit of the Alps. Her words inspire him with a patriotic zeal, and he hurries to join his country's bands, struggling for liberty against the first inroads of French revolutionary fraternization. During the ensuing campaign, he greatly distinguishes himself, and saves the life of another youthful hero like himself, of the name of Olivieri. The final overthrow of the Swiss dooms him to a dungeon, whence he escapes through the interference of

the fair unknown, and gets in safely to Milan, where he discovers that she is Louisa Doni, the sister of his companion Olivieri, and the daughter of Count Doni, the possessor of the secret of Midas. Here he is joined by his sister, and the utmost felicity reigns for a short season. Olivieri is, however, a libertine, and, vexed at having Ernestus always held up to him as an example by his father, he gets him seduced into gambling, profligacy, and vice. This falling off, nearly breaks the heart of the virtuous Louisa, but her lover is at length reclaimed by a great and generous effort. In the mean time Olivieri seduces Julia, and they abscond together : he perishes at the head of some banditti in Germany, and she dies in misery, after giving birth to an infant in a wretched garret, destitute of food, succour, and consolation. Berchtold the pastor, also dies ; but Ernestus is united to Louisa, and the remnant of the dramatis personæ have a prospect of happiness. Another visit of the Money-Fiend (at each of which a misfortune occurs) blasts the whole. In order to afford an agreeable surprise to their father, Count Doni, the bridal pair have his portrait secretly painted, and beside it one of Ernestus' mother, done from a miniature in his possession. On beholding these he falls into a fit, raves, and dies ; committing to the hands of his children the fatal narrative of his life, whence it appears that not only Olivieri and Louisa, but also Ernestus and Julia were his offspring ; and that he was the destroyer of his own wife's father, with whom she was flying at the time of his slaughter, near Beatenberg. Louisa sinks under this horrible dispensation, and Ernestus only remains, a hopeless blighted wretch on the face of creation."

Such is the outline of this romance ; and, allowing for the improbability implied in the supernatural agency, it seems to us to be well constructed and ably written. The incidents are perhaps rather meagrely related, in comparison with the lavish display of language upon the sentiments : but this is the immutable genius of the school to

which Berchtold belongs. Generally speaking, however, its delineations are powerful.

We will now quote a few passages from the Modern *Oedipus*, to enable the public to judge how far our remarks are worthy of acceptance. When at Milan the tenets of the Swiss orphans are attacked by the philosophers of that place, and speaking of Olivieri, we have a spirited and fine defence of the Catholic religion in opposition to Atheism.

" His opinions were paradoxical and singular. In religion he outwardly professed Catholicism, and strongly opposed those scribbling philosophers, who by sarcasm attempt to overturn the religion of ages, though at the same time he allowed the absurdity and falsehood of the prevailing doctrines. This did not arise from a spirit of opposition, but, if the motives he gave were true, from a chain of thought that did honour to his heart, not head. He asserted that Catholicism was the only religion affording to the poor and to the sick of heart, a balm for their evils. Calvinism, Deism, and Atheism, were by him called the professions of the northern nations, cold as their native rocks. Professions to which enthusiasm, and the feeling of a certain refuge, so heart-soothing in Catholicism, were unknown. He maintained that it was not for individuals who had the advantage of education and imagination, to shelter them from the overwhelming force of mental miseries, and unlooked-for misfortunes, to attempt under a real, though vain pretence of the love of truth, to deprive the poor and uneducated millions formed in the mass of mankind, of the consolation always offered by this religion, which, instead of shunning the poor, gladly seeks their miserable hovel, in the hope of administering present comfort and future hope."

Pursuing the argument we are told of Ernestus himself.

" I at last was bewildered ; I was unwilling to believe the human mind incapable of truth ; the more I examined, the more difficulty I found in the attainment of it. I heard the Deist and

the Atheist contend ; following but one of the chains of argument, I was convinced ; looking at them together, I saw the lustre of truth equally on both ; I knew not which to choose. I was a sceptic in fact not in name. Night after night, upon my sleepless couch, I called upon the God, whose existence I doubted, to visit me, as if God heeded the belief of an individual, as if the happiness of an infinite being like him depended on a man's faith in his existence."

This is the only one of the author's sophisms which we shall cite. Strange that a man of common understanding should not perceive that in comparison to *infinity*, the smallest particle is as great as a universe, and therefore a single individual as important as a nation of men ! Among the suitors of Louisa is a portrait, which we think will be recognized, when it is called to mind that Dr. P. was the domestic or travelling physician with Lord Byron.

" The apartment was now lit up. The company were in greater numbers than I had ever seen before. My rival, I said to myself, is then so attractive. No one observed my entry ; they all seemed engaged around one man. It was my rival ; I never saw so singular a figure. His bust and head were handsome, and bore the signs of strength. His black hair was in ringlets ; his face was pale with a blueish tint that diminished even the colour of a naturally pale eye. His hands were joined with their palms turned towards the ground ; his eye-lids almost covered his eyes, which turned upon the floor, while his head erect bore in its general expression the marks of contempt. He was speaking with elegance upon the fallen glories of some sunken nation ; when he had ended, and the conversation had become more general, he raised his eyes and affecting surprise, he seemed ashamed of having attracted so much notice, though he did not blush, for the hue of his features seemed invariable. He retreated to a corner of the room, left vacant by the pressure of the company towards the spot he had just occupied. He there bent down his head,

as if abstracted in thought ; but looking under his eye-brows, he was evidently engaged in remarking the effect he had made upon the company. He again gradually got a circle round him, and again was apparently carried away by the great powers of his mind, and held forth upon some subject, and then once more retreated. I was tired of watching such acting, and looked round for my sister. She was at that moment entering ; she immediately addressed Doni, who seemed alarmed, and went out. I approached—Louisa was ill, and could not appear. Julia looked upon me as if she knew it had been my presence which had thus affected her friend ; I could not bear that look : “ Do not reproach me, I feel all the shame of my crimes.” “ I reproach you !” she answered, “ You mock me. I ! it is not for one like me to do it.” She turned away ; I did not understand her ; I asked her why she rested upon one like her. “ Oh ! do not ask me, my shame must not be spoken.” The noble stranger approached, and broke off our conversation by asking after Louisa. I could not stand by him, but joined some of my former acquaintances ; for though my heart was breaking, I dared not leave the room, determined to watch minutely every action of him I fancied my rival.

“ I entered into conversation, and forced myself to enquire about this stranger, who thus engaged the attention of all. There was a certain affectation of mystery about him, which induced all to seek him, in hopes of penetrating the veil he threw round his actions. I met with one who had known him intimately in his own country, from whom I learnt several traits of his character ; it appeared that this German was much distinguished among his countrymen for his talents,—that he was generally esteemed a hater of all the vanities of the world, but that he passed many hours at his toilette ; that he was deemed broken-hearted from having been crossed in love ; but that he was incapable of feeling that passion, being wrapt in selfishness, that made him sacrifice every thing around him to

the whim of the moment : that he was deemed irresistible, and that no woman upon whom he fixed his eye could withstand the fascination of his tongue ; but that he had never dared to tempt any woman who was not of the most abandoned character ; that even they were never addressed with boldness, but were always made to compromise themselves with some folly with him in public, before he would give them the least marked sign of attention ; that in fine he was a confirmed coward with women. In society he was playing off a strange coquetry with the whole world, affecting to be modest and diffident, whilst he protruded himself into notice. He was, however, rich, handsome, and noble by birth ; I was an orphan dependant upon charity. He was every where received with great attention, no where with greater than at Doni’s palace.”

Julia watching Count Doni to discover his secret power, affords a fair specimen of the author’s manner.

“ She hoped, if she could obtain communication with such a being, to be able to find some certainty amidst the horrid doubts that revelled in her mind, and to procure the means of hiding her shame, or daring to face the day, by means of its power. Determined to learn the spell which could raise a transparent, all-pervading being, she resolved to watch, without remission, the conduct of the Count. She learnt nothing for some time. He apparently differed in no habit from others around. But the impression in her mind was not effaced : at last it appeared to her that upon certain days the Count never touched animal food, and she found by observation that this happened on every combination of seven in the days of the month. Upon enquiry amongst the servants, she found that upon the morning of those days, the room of Doni was always in the greatest confusion ; and she herself remarked, that upon the evening preceding, he seemed always more anxious, and the day after more fatigued than usual.

“ Julia resolved to watch the Count upon the next seventh night ; she found that it was possible to look into his

room through the wainscoat of a closet for wood that opened into the passage leading to his apartment. The night came, meat had been avoided, all were gone to their rooms, only the footsteps of the domestics arranging every thing for rest sounded on her ear ; she described herself as having listened apparently for hours, though only minutes elapsed, while these sounds continued. At last all was silent ; she said, that not even the vine-leaves overspreading her casement were heard to rustle ; for every breeze was hushed ; all was so quiet, that the ear seemed to feel as it were the silence. She was awed, her heart beat quick, she held her breath ; at that moment she thought a slow step sounded along the corridor ; alarmed, she knew not why, she seized her lamp, and was upon the point of rushing out, when the door slowly opened, and a figure clad in a white robe entered ; its dark black eye was fixed ; its grey locks seemed as if no breath of air could move their weight ; no sign of life, save the moving feet, belonged to it, for the face was pale, the lips blueish. It approached with an unvarying step ; it was Doni ! its hand took hers within its cold grasp, its eye shone as if a tear had passed over it, its lips quivered as if it wished to speak, or thought it spoke. She stood still, motionless : while it approached, it seemed as if she had strength for any thing ; but when it turned to go, the lamp fell from her hand, and she fell upon the floor. It was morn, ere her wildered senses returned, it was too late. Doni never noticed in any way the event of that night. She was bewildered, she knew not what to think ; it seemed from his unchanged conduct towards her, that he was unconscious of the event. Yet she asserted that she could not have mistaken the features of him who had visited her in that awful manner ; her imagination laboured, her judgment laid down the balance and became as dead. Her fancy painted to her mind pictures of splendour and of power, more brilliant than those of the Arab tale-teller, or god-creating Bramin. But more than all, it represented to her the means

of ensuring Olivier's love, which she could no longer flatter herself she possessed ; he had not seen her, but for a moment since she had left Milan dis-honoured, and then it was but to laugh at her fears, which she was but too conscious were not in vain.

" Day followed day towards the seventh. At times she caught Doni's eye fixed upon her, as if it sought to read her mind ; but she thought this might be imagination ; yet it seemed to her as if her intentions were divined, and that from some cause or other, they could not be opposed, else why this silence ? The fatal night came. Julia, determined to brave every thing, went down that evening, which she had not lately done, to supper. Her agitation was great, but she forced herself to conceal it. She was conscious the Count's eyes were fixed upon hers, yet she dared not to look up and meet his. She rose to depart, he came to her to say good night, his voice failed him, his hand shook. She retired to her room ; she determined, frightened by the awful silence of her protector, to give up her intention. She threw herself upon her bed, but sleep abandoned her, or, if it for a moment came, it presented such brilliant visions to her eye, that nothing mortal was to be compared to it. She seemed to have spirits instead of pages to attend her, genii instead of servants. It seemed as if at their bidding the very earth would heave and show within its entrails, all its richest treasures. Olivier appeared joined with her in this state of power. She roused herself. The clock with its solemn peal seemed trembling to intrude upon the solemn night. One might have thought nature were dead, for not even the owl shrieked, and the darkness and nocturnal sleep that weighed on the earth, seemed no longer the type of the eternal rest of the world, but its fulfilment, all appeared sunk in such undisturbed repose. Julia alone seemed living ; she looked in the creation like the Arab in the sandy plain, animate amidst inanimation, organised amidst unorganized matter. Even she must have appeared as if she were some spirit of another more restless

sphere ; for her hurrying glance, the fearful resolution breathing in her face, must have made her bear the stamp of something more than mortality. She seized her lamp, started, then advanced, and laughed with that laugh which plays upon the lips, when the heart ceases to beat through violence of feeling.

"At last she reached the gallery of her protector's room ; she opened with a trembling hand the door of the adjoining closet, and entered. The dread silence still continued, it was only broken by the loud breathing of her heaving bosom. She sat down upon the pile of wood in the corner of the closet. She could not find courage to pursue her undertaking ; at last a deep groan made her start ; terrified she leant against the wall : as she gradually recovered herself, she raised her eyes, and looked through a crevice that opened to her sight the Count's room. I could not learn what she saw : she however informed me that she discovered the means of raising a superior being ; but that startled at his appearance, she had sunk to the ground. She found herself, when recovered, upon her bed, but no one was near her. She determined to put her power into effect the ensuing night. She would not join the family at breakfast, but remained in her room all day. She did attempt to raise a spirit ; but what was her horror, when the walls of her apartment echoed but scoffs and mockings ? they seemed to say that she needed not a greater price than the gratification of her passions, and that they would not give her more ; that she was theirs already, and that to command them could only be obtained by one not already damned. Unappalled, she repeated her call, but it was in vain, all sunk to quiet. Desperate, for her shame could no longer be hidden, she formed at once the resolution of leaving the house and seeking her seducer."

In aiming at the utmost effect, we are sometimes disgusted by images loath-somely particular. For example, the death of Louisa :

"She held my hand, spoke to me of another world ; for a moment her words would even subdue my grief, and let me feel as if that hope were enough. At last, seeing the silent sorrow that was preying confined within my breast, she sought to rouse me, bade me read those papers ; I did in a luckless moment ; only hinted at the horrible mystery unfolded there, and saw the last convulsive throe I was destined to witness in any bound to me by love. I cannot tell you more ; read that damning tale, and then you may know what I dare, nay, dare not rest upon. My history is quickly ended. I was dragged from the now lifeless Louisa ; but I stole from my guards in the night, gained an entrance into the room, where death showed, as if boasting, his beauteous victim dressed in pomp. The wax tapers seemed to burn dimly, as if in unison with the solemn scene ; the black walls, the felted ground, the corpse stretched out arrayed in white, the stillness visible upon that beauteous face, stilled even the tumult in my breast. She did not seem dead, but asleep ; I had held her in my arms, upon my breast, looking as she then looked ; I gazed upon her for moments, it seemed as if I believed the still appearance wronged my senses. I was about to press her to my heart, my lips were approaching hers, but I started ; there were two flies already revelling on those lips, and she could not chase them. I hurried away, I could not remain any longer there."

This resembles Lord Byron's dogs gnawing the dead—but our readers will judge of the rest for themselves, as Berchtold is a book which we would recommend as original and interesting —therefore deserving of perusal.

From the New Monthly Magazine, September 1819.

THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES OF OUR TIMES.*

ALMOST all the inventions of the ancients owed their existence to chance; but the discoveries of the moderns are rather the fruit of reflexion, and of the multiplied efforts of scientific men to apply their knowledge to useful objects. Let us pass in review the principal results of this direction.

The employment of combustible gas for illumination makes rapid progress in England, but this fine discovery has not yet received the same developement in Germany.

The lighting with gas, would make a far more rapid progress, if the discovery of Taylor should be confirmed. According to this discovery, combustible gas is procured by causing oil to fall drop by drop into a tube heated red hot, and which is kept in that state. The gas passes immediately from the tube to the lamp, and produces a beautiful flame, without any smell.

Sir H. Davy has increased his celebrity by the invention of his Safety Lamp, which secures the miners from causing explosions, which are so dangerous in places under ground. When the lamps of the workmen are surrounded by a very fine metallic gauze, the air alone penetrates and not the flame.

The same invention has suggested to the instrument-maker, Newman, his blow-pipe, with a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gas. This contrivance has much more effect in the fusion of bodies, more or less refractory, than the blow-pipe with oxygen gas alone, which had till now been employed to produce the greatest degrees of heat. Not only the metals which are the most difficult to melt, but diamonds, and other bodies hitherto reputed infusible, melt in a very thin current of explosive gas.

Sir H. Davy also discovered last year a means to procure permanent light without flame: he has taught us that a platina wire of sufficient fineness, and an inch, or an inch and a half long, which has been heated red hot, may be

long preserved in this state over a vessel in which there is sulphuric ether or alcohol, in a state of evaporation. Thus this incandescent wire may be employed as a cheap night lamp, or instead of a steel to light tinder.

The chemical apparatus for producing instantaneous ignition, which became rapidly in vogue, followed some years back the series of electric, galvanic, pneumatic, and phosphoric apparatus of the same kind. These chemical apparatus were founded on the experience that hyper-oxymuriate of soda, brought into contact with a combustible body (wood for instance), which has been plunged into sulphuric acid, sets fire to this combustible. Latterly this apparatus, which has become very common in Germany, has been rendered more convenient and less dangerous, by putting into the phial, instead of liquid sulphureous acid, very fine sand, asbestos, gypsum, or some other body, which the acid does not destroy, and which is moistened with it. Several thousand matches may be lighted in this manner before it is necessary to renew this kind of indissoluble sponge, which is to produce the inflammation.

Platina had long been employed for various purposes; and as it experiences but little action from the substances which may exercise some influence over it; as it is not brittle; as it bears a great degree of heat without melting; lastly, as it is very dense, &c.; it had been used for various vessels, crucibles, some works of the mechanic arts, for trinkets, &c.; but new and more perfect methods have been lately invented in France, as well as in Germany, to melt this metal with more facility, to purify it, and to render it more easily worked. They have even gone so far as to *platinate* vases, porcelain, &c. in the same manner as they gild and silver them.

Janetty at Paris, Frick at Berlin, and Leithner at Vienna, have made very successful experiments in this way. The

* From the German of M. Pappe, of Tubingen.

employment of platina to line the pans and touch-holes of fire-arms, may be very useful ; the arms can no more be injured by acids, and gain much both in safety and durability.

The manner of working zinc has been greatly improved ; and the employment of this metal to sheath ships, to cover houses, for the manufacture of common candlesticks, for organ pipes, &c., seems to be gradually becoming more general. It is probable that the manufacture of white zinc, instead of white lead, may be successful. Some use may, perhaps, be found also for the new metal called Cadmium, discovered by Professor Stromeyer of Gottingen, in the blende (sulphuret) of zinc.

M. Gerlach of Vienna has manufactured two kinds of cast steel of remarkable goodness, one of which is susceptible of being welded to iron. M. Fischer of Schaffhausen, has also obtained in his manufactory, varieties of steel, which are very valuable for their different qualities. The English cast-iron is so soft that it is made into nails without forging. Mr. Schafzahl of Gratz has even succeeded in manufacturing iron nails, without employing fire in any part of the process, from the bar iron to the smallest nail. All is done by the action of machines ; twenty of which make annually as many millions of nails. M. Dufand, a Frenchman, was the first who discovered that cast iron reheated, may be sawn as easily, and in the same time, as dry wood of the same bulk.

The shoes without seams, and fastened with nails, invented some years ago in America, and imitated in England, in the manufacture of which a single machine to cut, press, and nail the leather, enables one workman to make several pair in a day, are now manufactured also in some parts of Germany, especially in Bavaria and Thuringia.*

There have lately been erected in England, and in America, iron wire

bridges, which are very light, convenient, and cheap, and some of them four hundred feet in length.

Many able mechanicians have been endeavouring to discover a *perpetuum mobile* ; but many, who thought themselves on the point of succeeding, found their hopes deceived, and the phantom they had pursued eluded their grasp. The clock of M. Geiser, an admirable piece of mechanism, seemed to have solved this great problem, in an ingenious and simple manner : but it deceived only for a time, not only the author of this *Essay*, but many of the most excellent mathematicians : for in this clock springs were concealed in the most artful manner, which were wound up at certain times, to aid the apparent power, which was not able alone to keep the machine in motion. Above a year ago, the author of this article discovered this trick, with several other lovers of the arts, who had joined with him to examine the machine ; and he soon after made his discovery public.

The column of Zamboni, and the clock connected with it, by that artist at Verona, which have now gone without interruption for above four years, as well as that of Rainis at Munich (called the electric pendulum clock), are, therefore, perhaps, the best *perpetuum mobile* that we yet have. By this name we of course understand a machine, which is able constantly to renew the cause of its motion by its own mechanism, and whose moving principle preserves its action without interruption, and without any new impulse, till it is stopped either by the wear of the machine, or by violence. The invention of a machine possessed of this property is indeed very difficult, but not impossible, as Kastner, Langsdorff, and other mathematicians have demonstrated.

Far more solid advantages were afforded by the *Press of Real*, or hydrostatic press, destined chiefly for the preparation of extracts from fruits or plants, as the *hydromechanic press* of Bramah and William is to press cloth and paper, to extract oil from seeds, malt, &c. These presses have been introduced with great effect in Germany, and with

* M. Brunel, the ingenious inventor of the machine for making shoes, has, we understand, ceased to use it, since peace has lessened the demand for shoes for the army.

many essential improvements, especially by M. Nathusius at Neu-Haldensleben, in the duchy of Magdeburg, where they have even been employed to pull up trees, and draw piles out of the water.

M. Hoffmann at Leipzig, has invented an aerostatic press, in which the pressure and the filtration are not effected, as in that of Real, by the action of a high column of water, but by means of a compression pump. A still more interesting aerostatic press has been invented by Dr. Rommershausen, at Acken on the Elbe. The effect of this press depends upon the great pressure of the atmosphere on the sides of a vessel from which the air has been evacuated. A recipient which may be submitted to the action of the air pump, is furnished with a diaphragm, or partition, on which is placed a filter, and under this a vessel proper to receive the liquid, which has been put above the filter. When the vacuum is made, the pressure of the external air forces the liquid through the filter, and contributes to the more complete and rapid extraction of the soluble parts.

The new brewing apparatus of the Englishman Nordham, on account of the saving of time, labour, and fuel, and the good and strong beer which it makes, is much approved in Germany. The apparatus for the evaporation and distillation of ardent spirits, have been lately brought to a much greater degree of perfection, and we obtain very easily, with a great saving of time and fuel, by a simple distillation, very good brandy, and from this brandy highly rectified spirit of wine, without running the risk of burning it, or of throwing off the head of the still. The disengaged vapours spread themselves through subdivided reservoirs, and deposit their aqueous particles, so that only the most volatile may be condensed in the worm, and thence pass into the recipient. Tutte of Berlin, first shewed with what success rarefied air might be applied to distillation ; he contrived an apparatus accordingly, which has produced a very favourable result.

The idea of separating slate by the congelation of water in the quarries, is very curious. The rain water being let

into the crevices of the blocks, when it freezes, its expansion suddenly separates the layer.

The discovery made by Varnhagen, a German, at Rio Janeiro, is still more important. He has found that saw-dust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, triples its force. The method of applying this discovery to the blowing up of rocks is peculiarly interesting. The mine is charged with a mixture of saw-dust and powder, and the whole covered with dry sand, thro' which is passed a reed or straw filled with priming powder, so that the danger resulting from the dispersion of the stones is prevented.

The application of steam to the purposes of cooking, heating rooms, drying, &c. not only continues, but becomes more and more extensive. Querner, Meissner, Dingler, Salzer, and other ingenious men, continue successfully to improve their steam-kitchens and other useful steam apparatus. The steam-boats introduced into several parts of Germany, as on the Elbe for instance, are still constantly employed, but the steam carriages are neglected.

Great improvements have been made in all parts of wheel-carriages ; to the new springs of Mr. Edgeworth in Ireland, and of Reichenbach, at Munich ; to the felloes of one piece of the Prussian captain, Neander, the safety drag of the Englishman, Busch ; the contrivance of Bruggemann in Hamburg, which prevents all danger from horses running away with a carriage ; and to the moveable axle-trees of Lankensperger of Munich, may be added M. Yelin's (of Munich) contrivance for clogging a wheel, and Mr. Padbury's for preventing the wheels from flying off. The well known *Draisien*, or *Velo-cipedes*, (invented by M. Drais, in Manheim) which have been both too much extolled and too much depreciated, have been much improved both in lightness and convenience by many artists ; particularly Bauer of Nuremberg, and Wollenschlager of Francfort. The self-moving carriages, as they are called, namely, that of Kittlinger in Schwalbach, have hitherto had as little success as the machines that have been invented

at different times for the purpose of flying, and it is to be apprehended that the inventive genius of many artists may yet fail in the solution of this problem.

Lee, Bralle, Christian, and others, have invented new methods for soaking and working flax and hemp, which facilitate the preparation of these raw materials, and remedy many inconveniences, particularly that arising from the noxious exhalations caused by the old method of soaking.

Mr. Natusius of Neu-Haldensleben, has discovered a process to obtain sugar from beet root, refined in the highest degree, and in the most advantageous manner, both on a large and a small scale.

M. Darcet, a French chemist, has fallen upon a plan to extract the gelatinous matter from bones, both as a nutritious substance and as a strong glue, by the means of muriatic acid, and without employing heat to boil the bones.

M. Streiber of Eisenach, continues to improve his Scarlet-persio, and the mode of dyeing with that substance. Mr. Turnbull has produced the lac lake, obtained from the stick lake, in a new manner as lake dye, much purer than formerly. Bancroft has discovered that diluted sulphuric acid dissolves the colouring matter of stick lake, without much affecting the resin. By neutralizing the acid solution with soda, and combining the colouring matter with alum, he obtains a beautiful lake dye, with which we may dye a very fine red of different shades, at much less expense than with cochineal. Messrs. Osenheimer, brothers of Vienna, prepare a similar lake, known by the name of Osenheimer's Red.

Many essays have been made of late to preserve a uniform temperature in breweries and distilleries, by confining the warmth to substances which are bad conductors of heat. The cement invented for this purpose by Mr. Kurten, the architect at Wiesbaden, has been highly commended. It is stated to have the property of concentrating in stoves, and especially the economic stoves, almost all the heat, so that it is expended

only upon the things to be heated, and never in vain. The Polytechnic Society at Munich, which has lately analysed this cement, finds that it is indeed useful, but however not so advantageous as the inventor supposed. According to the analysis of this Society, Mr. Kurten's cement consists of earthy marl, sand, and ochre.

The kind of oily coat which is formed by repeated coction on the internal surface of earthen vessels, and which is substituted for the glazing generally used in potteries, removes all the uneasiness respecting the possibility of poison, which has been felt since Ebell's examination of the danger of glazing with lead. This new invention is owing to Mr. Kirchoff, at St. Petersburg: the vessels covered with this kind of coat, serve not only for cooking, but also for preserving all kinds of acid, salt, and fat substances.

Among the more important discoveries, we may certainly place that of Mr. Osiander, in Gottingen, viz. that pure charcoal of wood is a perfect preservative against the rusting of iron and steel, and against the oxidation of other metals, as well as against the decomposition of many other bodies.

We must wait the result of farther experience to decide on the invention of Kaller, in England, to manufacture copperas without grapes, by means of sponges saturated with vinegar; on the new method of Boucherie, for refining sugar; on Ashmore's new process for tanning; on the new method of manufacturing pots, pipes, tiles, and other articles of baked earth by means of a press, &c. &c.

Lastly, no invention, perhaps, ever excited more general attention among all classes of people, than the kaleidoscope. Brewster was certainly the inventor of this instrument, which serves more as a toy than to any serious purpose, though angular mirrors, &c. had before led many artists to similar ideas. This is also the reason that several other artists, among whom are some in Germany, who endeavour to dispute with Brewster the honour of the invention.

If we add to these inventions and

discoveries, a great number of others, some ingenious, some useful, and others combining both species of merit, such as Ranson's micrometer compass, Uhlhorn's instrument for measuring velocities, Mander's lactometer, Douglas's instrument for discharging cannon without a match, Repsold's reflector for light-houses, Bowler's new butter-churn,

the stone paper, (instead of stone) for the purposes of lithography, and several others, it would be difficult to find in the history of the arts, any period in which so many really useful inventions have been produced within so few years, as in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

LETTER FROM VENICE.

From the European Magazine.

FUSINA is only remarkable as a place of embarkation on the Lagoon. Several English carriages were put up here whilst the owners were occupied at Venice. The city from this station presents a remarkable and superb appearance, rising as from the waters, and crowned with pinnacles, domes, and spires. We entered by the Grand Canal, and landed near the famous Rialto, composed of a single arch thrown over it; but however beautiful it may appear to the Venetians, we thought it trifling, when compared with the graceful proportions of the Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges to our own capital. We ascended the tower of St. Mark, in order to obtain a general idea of this metropolis; its height is not extraordinary, but from the flatness of the surrounding scenery it gives the spectator an advantageous view of the city, its port and shipping, and the windings of the neighbouring coasts. One side of this celebrated square was designed by Palladio, and is characterised by the richest architectural ornaments: it affords a principal promenade in the evenings, and when fully lighted has a brilliant appearance; the ground floors are occupied chiefly by caffés, and the shops of jewellers, in which gold chains are sold by weight, and vary in price according to the value of bullion. The church of St. Mark, which occupies one side of the square, was constructed on the model of Santa Sophia at Constantinople; if a correct copy, the taste of the original must have been defective; the interior has a gloomy appearance, but it boasts of large designs in mosaic over

the domes, &c.: the floor, which undulates like the waves of the sea, is ornamented in the same manner: the exterior is decorated with five domes and numerous statues, and its walls are painted in fresco, but the general outline is heavy. The famous bronze horses supposed to have been the workmanship of Lysippus surmount the portico. In the library, formerly the council-room, are portraits of the Doges, and paintings representing the sieges and reduction of Constantinople by the Venetians, and on the ceiling a beautiful design of the civic genius crowned by Fame; this last is from the pencil of Paul Veronese. Here is also a marble bust of the Emperor of Austria, and a sculpture of Ganymede borne aloft by the eagle. The present council-room, with its anti-chamber, are ornamented by the same painter. Proceeding to the palace, we were shewn in the first room a veiled statue of Coradini, similar to that of Pudor at Naples: in the third, paintings of Lucretia stabbing herself, by Guido Cagnacci, and Moses striking the Rock, by Carlo Bonone; in the fourth, a sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Alessandro Varotari; and in the fifth, the story of Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun: the designs of all these are beautiful, and hours might be spent in their investigation: in the eighth room is a cartoon of Raphael, representing Noah entering the ark, and two paintings of John the Baptist. The floors are paved with rich mosaic. In La Scuola are some fine paintings of the Annunciation, the Crucifixion, and the slaughter of the Innocents, by Tintoretto; the latter seems a

favourite subject with the Venetians. The churches are handsome, and similarly ornamented : in that of Santa Maria della Salute are some splendid executions by Titian. The arsenal once so celebrated is now shut up. Nearly four hundred bridges form a communication between the different streets, and the gondolas are continually in motion, gliding along with incredible rapidity, whilst the splendid churches and palaces, which are constantly presenting themselves, form a pleasing succession ; and interest the traveller as well by their novelty as magnificence. The next evening we left Venice, and slept at Fusina.

We rose early on the following day ; our chamber windows commanded a fine view across the Lagune to Venice, and the Alps in the distance bounded the prospect.

The glow of day-break which preceded brilliant morning, gave a peculiar softness and grandeur to an interesting outline of domes and pinnacles, as we took our farewell view of the city. Returning to Padua, we proceeded thence to Vicenza, celebrated as the birth place of Palladio. The Olympic Theatre, in the form of a semi-circle, is his best work. The scenery is of wood, composing a series of building models, thrown into a perspective of three streets ; these are fixed to the stage, and, of course, preclude any change of objects. The niches of the theatre are ornamented with statues. Here are also many other specimens of his genius, especially the Palazzo Publico. We next arrived at Verona, which is situated on the Adige. Its principal attraction consists of the celebrated amphitheatre, one of the most perfect remains of Roman antiquity : its interior was adapted to contain 40,000 spectators. The lower part of the building is now occupied by the shops of blacksmiths, coopers, and fruiterers, the rent of which is expended in keeping it in repair. Artillery and centinels are generally stationed at Verona along one side of the squares ; and as we proceed, this repulsive spectacle always reminds us that we are enjoying the locomotive privi-

lege under the cannon's mouth. The tradesmen here follow the example of those in the other Italian towns, and perhaps to a greater extent : not satisfied with having their name and business printed in large letters, they prefer a more descriptive appendage ; on the shutter of a shoemaker we see represented a man trying a pair of shoes, and on that of a glover a gentleman fitting himself with gloves. The city is clean and handsome, and boasts of having given birth to Pliny, Cornelius Nepos, Viruvius, &c. We left Verona the same day, and proceeded to Peschiera, where we embarked for Desenzano, on the Lago di Garda : this lake is extensive, and the Alps, in the distance towering to the clouds, present an imposing outline : we were some time on the lake, and its different points afforded us several fine views.

We set out again, and passing through a flat, but fertile, country, arrived at Milan in the afternoon. The most interesting object here is the cathedral called *Il Duomo*, situated nearly in the centre of the town. It was begun by Barsi, after a design by Pellegrini, in 1376, under the ducal prince, John Galeas : it is in the Gothic style, and highly ornamented ; its material, a beautiful white marble, from the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore. Succeeding governments have assisted in the embellishment of this fine structure ; but the late changes in Italian politics have delayed its completion.

The Ambrosian library contains many curiosities ; among the most remarkable is a manuscript copy of Virgil, and another of Josephus on Papyrus ; the first was the property of Petrarch.

In the neighbourhood of Milan is the Villa of Buonaparte, pleasantly situated ; the front windows command a large piece of ground, called the Champs de Mars, whence the ears are assailed by the delightful music of boys learning to beat the drum. At a short distance is a triumphal arch, commenced under the direction of Napoleon, but never finished. The appearance of Milan is altogether interesting and beautiful : the streets are wide ; and a foot-way for

passengers, although narrow, strikes a person who has visited the other cities

of the continent as an agreeable novelty.
Yours, truly,

R. C. M.

FINE ARTS.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 27. *Ganymede*. By W. Hilton.

Upward the golden Eagle wings his way
Above the mountainous world, and to the skies
Where throned Jove in severe grandeur sits,
Bears the boy Ganymede.

The kingly bird
Shadows his beauty with majestic wings,
Scornful of the sweet fear which awes the limbs
Of the young voyager.

THE artist, as well as the author, who has displayed great talents in the production of a work, is as it were pledged to the Herculean labour of rising in the scale with every succeeding effort. Like Jove's bird in this picture, he must soar with one upward sweep from earth to heaven, to satisfy the impossible expectations of his admirers. We do not mean to apply this remark exclusively to Mr. Hilton: it will be found to bear upon all who anxiously waste their strength by too long continued or too violent exertions, to please often injudicious friends, who forget that there may be a stimulus beyond human powers, and a strife which will enfeeble human genius. This Ganymede is a picture of much merit; it possesses vigour, is brilliantly coloured, and contrasted in a way which shews that the artist is perfectly skilled in the use of his means. The eagle too is finely conceived and executed. But we cannot extend our praise to the human figure, which does not realize the idea of perfect beauty. The limbs are, on the contrary, rather hard in outline; nor does the countenance express the full force of the poet's description.

No. 11. Parting between Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald. *W. Allan*.—A fair specimen of the picturesque pencil of Mr. Allan, in which wild scenery gives great interest to the affecting incident of the story.

No. 21. Jeanie Deans' first interview with her father after her return from London—(*Tales of my Landlord*.) *By the same*. The interest of this picture we consider to be much injured by a close adherence to a clotted and vulgar costume.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PICTURES.

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam eecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore.*

We have spoken in succession (though briefly) of nearly all the best pictures in the gallery: and will now make some general observations, upon the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns. Our remarks on the moderns have been sparing; because they were criticised in another part of the Journal, and we wished to avoid repetition and prolixity. We thought also, that since old pictures have been considered as standards

by comparison with which the merits of all modern works are to be decided; it was necessary in the first place, properly to adjust the claims of these alleged models, in the same manner as we should endeavour to make correct any other standard of comparison. The ancients have had the merit (and the advantage too) of leading the way; and, in large compositions, it is not probable that they will ever be exceeded: partly from their having so nearly attained perfection, partly from change of circumstances, to which we have already adverted in a former paper. Michael Angelo showed us how the heroic character might be adequately represented; and by appropriately exaggerating some parts, and generalising others, gave super-human form. But his style can be safely attempted by those of kindred powers alone; in weaker hands it only produces affectation or constraint. From these grand designs, Raphael caught his inspiration, and with the discrimination accompanying genius, simplified or diversified his manner, to fill every character and accomplish every purpose of his art. Though Raphael died young, he completed his idea of design and handling; a man like him would not remain stationary; but the only part of his pictures capable of improvement is the inferior department of colouring and effect. Had he lived to paint more pictures, it is not probable they would have exceeded the Transfiguration in the grand requisites of the art. It would take up too much space, and is not necessary, to enumerate his successors; suffice it to say, that though some of them carried the minor beauties of the art to greater perfection than he did, yet no one man has united in himself to so great a degree all the higher qualifications of a painter. In this dignified class of art, West has enriched our country with numberless admirable pictures; many of which would bear to be compared with those of any age. And numerous younger men are following his footsteps, and keep alive the fire, ready to burst forth whenever the public shall fan it into flame. In smaller pictures and less extensive compositions we remember with exultation the work of Thompson, Stothard, Howard, Westall, Hilton, Alston, and some others. In many of these pictures the English are advantageously distinguished (not only from other modern painters but also from the ancients) by juster conception of the story and greater purity of taste. They likewise bestow most diligence upon what is the real interest of the picture, and do not divert the attention from the point, by any trifling detail of parts. In Landscape painting England has produced during the last twenty years pictures of higher merit and in greater number than any other country has furnished in so short a period of time. In Turner too, we have a painter who has not only represented ordinary scenes and common appearances, with greater brilliancy and ef-

fect than former painters, but who has extended the bounds of the art; who has shewn the possibility of picturing appearances which his predecessors despaired of attempting. Sunshine and Mist, Storm and Calm, Mountain and Plain, Forest and Desert, Turner represents them all with perfect truth and unprecedented splendor. In addition to Turner, we have probably twenty Landscape painters, each of whom might be compared advantageously with any ancient but Claude, and some of them would not suffer even from this test. The English also have brought to

perfection the art of painting in water colours; and shewn that they are capable of representing every object of nature with as much truth as oil colours,—some objects with still greater truth. In scenes from humble life the English shew themselves to equal advantage. The Dutch cared not for the subject, and often seem to give a preference to filth. But our countrymen always represent some amusing incident, and describe it without grossness. The best of them are universally intelligible, and combine the merits of Jan Steen, Teniers and Ostade.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MECHANICS.

A NEW and curious application of the mechanical powers has been exhibited by the natives of Porto Novo, on the coast of Coromandel in weighing the best bower anchor of his Majesty's ship Minden, on the Coleroon shoal, after the ship had struck and got off again, and when the ordinary process, by a purchase with a launch was found to be ineffectual.

The Indians formed all the spare spars, topmasts, booms &c. into a compact body of three or four feet in diameter, which they made fast to the buoy rope, when sixty of them, by means of slew ropes, turned the bundle of spars until the slack of the buoy rope was wound round it, when by the judicious management of their feet, and the well distributed weight of their bodies, they turned the spars round until the anchor was weighed, keeping it in that position whilst it was towed under the bow of the Minden, and hove up in the usual way. This anchor weighed three tons.

DOGS TAUGHT TO SMUGGLE.

(From the 'Journal of a Traveller,' now in the Press.)

In the Netherlands they use dogs of a very large and strong breed for the purposes of draught. They are harnessed like horses, and chiefly employed in drawing little carts with fish, vegetables, eggs, &c. to market. Previously to the year 1795, such dogs were also employed in smuggling, which was the more easy, as they are extremely docile. As it is probable that this mode

of smuggling may have been again resorted to since the year 1815, we will give some account of it. The dogs were accustomed to go backwards and forwards between two places on the frontiers, without any person to attend them. A dog of this kind was often worth six or seven louis-d'ors, as the training cost some trouble. Being loaded with little parcels of goods, (lace, &c.) like mules, they set out at midnight, and only when it was perfectly dark. An excellent, quick-scented dog always went some paces before the others, stretched out his nose towards all quarters, and when he scented custom-house officers, &c. turned back, which was the signal for immediate flight. Concealed in ditches, behind bushes, &c. the dogs now waited till all was safe, then proceeded on their journey, and reached at last, beyond the frontier, the dwelling of the receiver of the goods, who was in the secret. But here also, the leading dog only at first showed himself; but on a certain whistle, which was the signal that every thing was right, they all hastened up. They were then unloaded, taken to a convenient stable where there was a good layer of hay, and well fed. There they rested till midnight, and then returned in the same manner back, over the frontiers.

A few days ago died, in Staffordshire, an aged clergyman, who during the course of a well-spent life, had walked to the church of which he was curate more than 4,000 miles, including the occasional duties of the parish. He had

preached in the church upwards of 4,000 times, baptized more than 5,000 children, and buried upwards of 4,000 corpses. He had baptized one Jew, many Gentiles, and, in one day, 15 Quakers; and in the course of this time he had married more than 3,000 couples. He gave general satisfaction to the parishioners, and, after all this service, he remained until his death as he began, between forty and fifty years ago, a poor curate!

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

It is the custom in Russia to place a corpse on the night before the burial in the church, where the priest, accompanied by a chorister, is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village on such an occasion, that to the amazement of the priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the priest sprinkled him with a quantity of holy water; he was seized, thrown to the ground, and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner and concealed himself. He positively added, that after having perpetrated the crime the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder was committed. At length after the lapse of many years it was discovered. A robber, who among many other crimes confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put every thing again in order, and then retreated, without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

LOTTERIES.

If the antiquity of a practice could justify its existence, lotteries might claim peculiar reverence. The Romans, we find, used to enliven their Saturnalia with them, by distributing tickets which gained some prize. Augustus made lotteries which consisted of things of

little value. Nero established some for the people, in which 1000 tickets were daily distributed, and several of those who were favoured by fortune got rich by them. Heliogabalus invented some very singular, where the prizes were of great value or none at all: one gained a prize of six slaves, another of six flies: some got valuable vases and others vases of common earth. A lottery of this kind exhibited an excellent picture of the inequality with which fortune distributes her favours. The first lottery that we find in our annals was in 1569, which, according to Stowe, consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s each. The prizes were plate, and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of the kingdom; it was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, and began drawing on the 11th January, 1569, and continued incessantly day and night till the 6th of May following. The tickets were three years in disposal. In 1612, King James granted a lottery to promote the plantation of English colonies in Virginia, which was also drawn at St. Paul's.

A boy, named John Young, residing in Newton-upon-Ayr, has constructed a piece of mechanism, of which the following is some account:—A box, about three feet long, by two broad, and six or eight inches deep, has a frame and paper covering erected on it, in the form of a house, so that the box appears as the floor of the house. On the upper part of the box are a number of wooden figures, about two or three inches high, representing people employed in those trades or sciences with which the boy is familiar. The whole are put in motion at the same time by machinery, within the box, acted upon by a handle like that of a hand-organ. A weaver upon his loom, with a fly-shuttle, uses his hands and feet, and keeps his eye upon the shuttle, as it passes across the web. A soldier, sitting with a sailor at a change-house table, fills a glass, drinks it off, then knocks on the table, upon which an old woman opens a door, makes her appearance, and they retire. Two shoemakers upon their stools are seen, the one beating leather and the other sewing a shoe. A cloth-dresser, a stone-cutter, a cooper, a tailor, a woman churning, and one tearing wool, are all at work. There is also a joiner sawing a piece of wood, and two blacksmiths beating a piece of iron, the one using a forge-hammer and the other a small hammer; a boy turning a grind-stone, while a man sharpens an instrument upon it; and a barber shaving a man, holding fast by the nose with one hand. The boy is about 17 years of age, and since the bent of his mind could be first mark-

ed, his only amusement was his working with a knife, making little mechanical figures; and this is the more extraordinary, as he had no opportunity whatever of seeing any person employed in a similar way. He was bred a weaver with his father, and since he could be employed at the trade, has had no time for his favourite study, except after the work ceased, or during the intervals; and the only tool he ever had to assist him was a pocket knife. In his earlier years he produced several curiosities on a smaller scale, but the above is his greatest work, to which he has devoted all his spare time during the last two years.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

In a commune of the department of the Meuse, a stalk of wheat has been shown, bearing 56 shoots, and each of these a beautiful ear. This extraordinary plant is the produce of a grain of wheat dropped by accident, and confirms what has been said in favour of the method of sowing corn thinly, to make it shoot well, and consequently to save a great deal of seed. The number of grains yielded by these ears, if we take the fullest, the poorest, and one that is mean between them, is from 100 to 110 in general: the mean may therefore be taken at 34 or 35 grains per ear. The grain of wheat of M. Rampont (above spoken of) has therefore yielded 1900 fold.

We read in the "Art de multiplier les grains" by M. Francois de Neufchateau, who quotes the *Ephemerides* of Vallemont, that in 1671 a stem of barley grew in Silesia to a very great height, and that it produced 12 large and 9 small ears, all very full; that Denis, physician to the King of France had obtained from a single grain of wheat above 200 ears; and that the *Friars de la doctrine Chretienne* at Paris, possessed a bouquet of barley with 249 stems, which yielded 18,000 grains.

FREDOLFO.

Mr. MATURIN has published, at Edinburgh his tragedy of *Fredolfo*, which was damned at Covent Garden, in spite of all the efforts of that admirable company of performers, who so ably sustain the national drama at that theatre. Mr. M. should have been content with the opinion of the audience, and not have provoked more permanent animadversion, by the obtrusion of this diseased mass of poetry on the public. This author's extravagant combinations of distorted feelings and improbable circumstances, are only calculated to inspire every well-disciplined mind with disgust. His personages do as never men did, and speak as never men spake; and yet, he has a strange kind of half-sane conception of dramatic effect, that, in the present dearth of dramatic literature, united to the "frenzy" of his poetry, which we own occasionally deserves the epithet of "fine," enables him to furnish striking scenic spectacles, that hold something like a middle place between the melo-drama and tragedy. The managers should furnish him with plots; for his whole merit, as a dramatist, consists in the dialogue; and, even in that, he is but a second-rate hand.

Monthly Mag.

THE MERRY-MAKER.

Nothing can put me more out of humour than what is called a merry-maker:—such a fellow deserves his name with about the same right that a lady of pleasure does her's.

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DISSOLUTE.

Man is generally much pleased to behold the ills he owes to his debaucheries visited upon other men, who are free from similar excesses; and nothing gives, for example, a drunkard greater pleasure, than if he perceives a water-drinker with a red nose.

ORME.

When this intelligent historian presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, one day at breakfast being asked by Mr. Orme of what *profession his father was?* Davidson replied, that he was a saddler.—"And pray," said he, "why did he not make you a saddler?"—"I was always whimsical," said Davidson, "and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East-India Company's service. But pray, Sir," continued he, "what profession was your father?"—"My father," answered the historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman."—"And why," retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, "did he not breed you up a gentleman?"

DRUNKENNESS.

The forgotten poet Randolph has this epigram on drunkenness:

"Who holds more wine than others can,
"I count a hogshead, not a man."

And yet, to be able to bear much wine undisordered, is a proof of strength of brain, as well as of stomach,—is a proof that great voluntariness of idea usually accompanies the individual. Be it added, that ideas grow vivid during the progress of that stimulation which preceded intoxication; and it is by no means clear, that a voluntary power of calling-up the most vivid ideas of which the brain is capable, can be acquired, without previously exciting such vivid ideas by mechanical means. The temperate and sober nations do not produce

so large a proportion of intellect as the wine-drinking nations ; they may educate better lovers, but not greater wits. The Augustan age of every country has preceded that refinement of manners which exacts temperance. Nor has

any rude nation been civilized without the introduction of intoxicating liquors. Let us avoid drunkenness ; but it is not proved, that we ought wholly to avoid strong drinks.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

ON CARMEL'S BROW.

A Hebrew Melody, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

1.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honours shed,
And o'er the vales of Palestine
A sickly paleness spread ;
When the old Seer, by vision led,
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

2.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none ;
He looked o'er many a mountain's side,
But silence reigned alone ;
Save that a boding voice sung on
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

3.

On Kison's strand and Ephratah
The hamlets thick did lie ;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by ;
No maiden at her task did ply,
Nor sportive child was seen ;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

4.

Oh ! beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be,
And still they glimmered to the breeze,
Like stars beneath the sea !
But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung ;
And there, as if in mockery,
The baleful satyr sung.

5.

But who had seen that Prophet's eye,
On Carmel that reclined !
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind :
His gray hair streamed upon the wind,
His hands were raised on high,
As, mirror'd, on his mystic mind
Arose futurity.

6.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread,
Prepared in ancient day ;
Eastward, away the eagle sped,
And all the birds of prey.
" Who's this," he cried, " comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,
Travelling in splendour, whose array
Is red, but not with wine ?

7.
" Blest be the Herald of our King,
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

8.
" The happy child in dragon's way
Shall frolic with delight ;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite ;
The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see.
Hail to the Journeyer, in his might,
That comes to set us free !"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO A LADY,

WITH A WREATH OF CYPRESS.

OLADY ! wear this wreath for me,
Tho' gathered from the cypress-tree
The rose's bud would grace thy bloom,
More sweet the lily shed perfume ;
The myrtle on thy breast or brow,
Would lively hope and love avow :
The heath-flower with its azure bell,
Thy modest worth and virtues tell ;
But ill such emblems were design'd
To mark devotedness of mind ;
Then, lady ! wear this wreath for me,
Though gathered from the cypress-tree.

The roses, though in beauty born,
Are circled by the searching thorn,
Their fragrant leaves, ere summer's gone,
On earth fall faded, one by one ;
And suns and tempests may bereave
The lily of its sweets ere eve :
The heath-bell and the myrtle-flower
Will wither in noon's sultry hour :
Alone in sunshine, storm, and snows,
Unchangeable the cypress grows :
Then, lady ! wear this wreath for me,
Fresh gathered from the cypress-tree.

O'er ruin'd shrines and silent tombs,
The weeping cypress spreads its glooms,
In immortality of woe,
Whilst other shrubs in gladness blow ;
And fling upon the passing wind
Their liberal treasures unconfin'd.
And well its dark and drooping leaf,
May image forth the gloom and grief :
Which, when we parted, gave reply,
From heaving heart and dewy eye ;

Then, lady, wear this wreath for me,
Pluck'd from the faithful cypress-tree.

Unchallenged let the warrior wear,
The laurel in his gory hair ;
Deceit the monk's-hood, pity dear
The primrose, wet with morning's tear ;
On pride's emblazoned forehead tower
The tulip or the poppy-flower ;
Timidity, of all afraid,
Her wreath of the mimosa braid ;
But ill their garlands would become
Fair friendship, in his martyrdom
Of joy---then, lady ! wear for me,
The droopings of the cypress-tree.

Time was, that in the mutual flow,
Of bliss, our spirits learned to glow ;
When all too soon the golden day,
In eve's oblivion died away ;
When morning but more closely drew,
Our ties of love and feeling too ;
And time perchance shall blend again,
Our tide of pleasure or of pain.
Till then—for like the cypress-leaf,
In absence, peril, joy, and grief,
Affection blooms eternally.
Wear, lady ! wear this wreath for me.

J. H. WIFFEN.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

If any of your correspondents will inform me in what manner the unfortunate Charles Edward first sought the protection of the heroic Flora Mac Donald, I shall feel obliged to them. The following lines must have been written by some person attached to the young Chevalier. I should like to know if they were written by any one well acquainted with the circumstances of his escape.

FLORA'S BOWER.

WHAT is the sleeping youth that lies
Within my greenwood bower ?
The clusters o' his yellow hair
A' dripping wi' the shower.

Oh by his bonnet's faded plume,
His plaidie, rudely torn,
He seems some weary traveller
Deserted an' forlorn.

But gaze upon that open brow,
That graceful form survey,
Those looks, though gentle, do not seem
Accustomed to obey.

And see the wind has blown aside
The sleeper's tattered vest ;
And is not that a royal star
Which glitters on his breast ?

Yes, my beloved, forsaken Prince
On female aid relies ;
Can death young Flora's courage daunt ?
No ; for her king she dies !

Sleep on, my Prince, securely sleep,
Let every doubt depart,
The foe that would thy slumbers break,
Must pierce my faithfu' heart.

LINES,

From the German of the late Prince Louis of Prussia.

THE soul that inwardly is fed
On solemn thoughts of sorrow bred,
On aspirations pure and high,
On wishes, that in breathing die,
Like morning webs of gossamere,
The mysterious hours that cheer,
But when the day shines disappear---
The soul, that in its serious mood
O'er melancholy dreams doth brood,
And nourisheth the lonely eye
With wells of untold misery---
The soul that, were it open laid,
Would make the boldest heart afraid
To think that woes so dark can rest
Within a human brother's breast---
O how can such a spirit be
Concealed beneath a mask of glee ?
A soul so stately, sad, and pure,
How can it such a mien endure,
Light, careless, airy, and secure ?
Alas ! go ask why flowers unfold
Their glories o'er the grave's black mould.
Go ask, why the dark sea reflects
The sky's bright beams and purple specks.
Go ask, why man received so strange a birth,
So near to heaven, and yet so bound to earth.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN IDIOT GIRL.

(By a Lady.)

WHO, helpless, hopeless being, who
Shall strew a flower upon thy grave ;
Or who from mute Oblivion's power
Thy disregarded name shall save.

Honour, and wealth, and learning's store,
The votive urn remembers long,
And e'en the annals of the poor
Live in the bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee,
Whom wealth, nor sense, nor fame could find ;
Poorer than ought beside we see
A human form without a mind.

A casket gemless ! yet for thee
Pity shall grave a simple tale,
And reason shall a moral see,
And fancy paint for our avail.

Yes, it shall paint thy hapless form,
Clad decent in its russet weed ;
Happy in aimless wanderings long,
And pleas'd thy father's flock to feed.

With vacant, artless smile thou bor'st
Patient, the scoffer's cruel jest ;
With viewless gaze could pass it o'er,
And turn it pointless from thy breast.

Though language was forbid to trace
The unform'd chaos of thy mind,
And thy rude sound no ear could guess,
But through parental instinct kind ;

Yet unto ev'ry human form
Clings imitation, mystic pow'r !
And thou wert fond, and proud to own
The school-time's regulated hour.

And o'er the mutilated page,
Mutter the mimic lesson's tone ;
And ere the school-boy's task was said,
Brought ever, and anon thine own ;

And many a truant boy would seek,
And drag reluctant to his place ;
And oft the master's solemn rule
Would mock with grave and apt grimace.

And every guileless heart would love
A nature so estrang'd from wrong,
And every infant would protect
Thee from the trav'ller's passing tongue.

Thy primal joy was still to be
Where holy congregations bow ;
Wrapt in wild transport when they sung,
And when they pray'd, would bend thee low.

Oh, Nature, wheresoe'er thou art,
Some latent worship still is there ;
Blush, ye whose form, without a heart,
The Idiot's plea can never share.

Poor guiltless thing ! These eighteen years
Parental cares had rear'd alone ;
Then, lest thou e'er should want their care,
Heav'n took thee spotless to its own.

For many a watching eye of love
Thy sickness and thy death did cheer ;
Though reason weeps not, she allows
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guileless thing ! forgot by man,
The hillock's all remains of thee ;
To merely mortal man it may,
But Faith another sight can see.

For what a burst of mind shall be,
When, disencumber'd from this clod,
Thou, who on earth couldst nothing see,
Shalt rise to comprehend thy God.

Oh ! could thy spirit teach us now,
Full many a truth the gay might learn ;
The value of a blameless life,
Full many a sinner might discern.

Yes, they might learn who waste their time,
What it must be to know no sin ;
They who pollute the soul's sweet prime,
What to be spotless pure within.

Whoe'er thou art, go seek her grave,
All ye who sport in folly's ray ;
And as the gale the grass shall wave,
List to a voice that seems to say--

“ 'Tis not the measure of thy powers
To which the Eternal Meed is given ;
'Tis wasted or improved hours
That forfeit or secure thy Heaven.”

SONG.

SUMMER may spread her choicest flow'rs,
And zephyrs waft their fragrance round,
And smiling skies, and pleasant bowers,
With the gay song of birds resound ;
Yet will not these a charm impart,
If peace is banished from the heart.

Winter may bid his tempests rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green,
And leafless bowers, and frowning skies,
Afford a sad and dreary scene ;
Yet will the heart bright verdure wear,
If peace have fixed its dwelling there.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN every age there has been shewn a disposition to depreciate the merits of contemporary authors, and to overrate those of preceding times. We disclaim any such unworthy feelings, and gladly avail ourselves of any opportunity of adding our mite of praise to our illustrious contemporaries. No period was ever more fertile in genius and talent, or the arts and sciences so successfully cultivated. Among our numerous living poets, we have many who may dispute the palm of excellence with any of their predecessors (Shakspeare and Milton always excepted). We must not, however, continue this digression, but hasten to the subject in view,--the last publication of Mr. CRABBE, the inimitable poet of truth and nature, who mingles together all the qualities of the philosopher, the moralist, the poet, and the divine ; whose peculiar object seems to be the conveying of instruction through the medium of amusement ; who reaches the heart without an effort ; at once securing our sympathy and affections. This author possesses the rare talent of rendering the most commonplace subject highly interesting ; and, tho' he sometimes paints with the elaborate minuteness of a Dutch artist, yet his narratives are not tedious, and would lose much of their interest were he less circumstantial. We are placed in the very midst of the scenes he describes, and sympathize in all the feelings of his personages. He possesses a thorough knowledge of human nature, and of the in-

nermost recesses of the human heart ; is peculiarly successful in delineating the tender affections ; in pathos, *deep pathos*, and in every shade of insanity,--from the slightest alienation of mind to the most appalling frenzy,--he is without any rival. Mr. Crabbe (like his illustrious counterpart in genius, the author of *Waverley*, &c.) has been accused of too great a predilection for exhibiting characters in low life ; but let it be considered, that it is not in the drawing-rooms of the great among the artificial, well-trained sons and daughters of fashion, that human passions, and the genuine impulses of the heart, are best displayed ; but among the unsophisticated children of Nature in the humbler walks of life. These volumes are not perhaps, on the whole, equal to some of the author's former works, yet possess the same characteristic style of excellence, and abound with passages that “ come home to men's bosom and business,” passages that “ swell the heart and dim the eye.” We have not room for quotations, but refer the reader to the account of the *Patronized Boy*, in the first volume ; the tale of “ the Sisters ;” “ the Old Bachelor ;” “ the Maid's Story,” &c. We regret that, am'dst so much excellence, prosaic lines, incorrect rhymes, an obscurity in the meaning, and other blemishes and marks of carelessness, occasionally appear ; and must confess, that some of the tales in the first volume possess but little interest.

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